THE BYSTANDER
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The BYSTANDER

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FRANCE—(*continued*).

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GERMANY—(*continued*).

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The BYSTANDER

Tunbridge

"AND BEHOLD THE LADY ANNE PASS . . ."

A wonderful picture of Merle Oberon as she appears as Anne Boleyn in "The Private Life of Henry VIII.", now being made by London Films. With Charles Laughton as Henry VIII., a galaxy of English film-stars as his wives, and with Hatfield and the English countryside under the high summer sun as the setting, the film might do for that sixteenth-century bit of history what "Cavalcade" did for the last thirty years

Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., Miss Henrietta Bingham, the American Ambassador's daughter, Mr. Roy Atherton, and the Marchioness of Huntley, who is an American, at the Independence Day Dinner given by the American Society at the Savoy

Tilly Losch (Mrs. Edward James), who is now dancing in her husband's ballet season at the Savoy Theatre, was at the Camargo Society's gala performance with Mr. Peter Rodd

Prince Guglielmo Rospigliosi and the Hon. Helen Acton

• WHAT'S • ADO

"The Bystander's" Tabloid

The Dog Days

Let us be thoroughly topical and announce that we are in the midst of the Dog Days, forty such days being annually allotted to the canine tribe. A forty-days' fast in the wilderness might help some of the Mayfair tribe. Upon so many of them is a permanent madness, not wholly confined to the days following midsummer. However . . .

Dog-Day Doings

The Royal Show.—Agriculture's heavy artillery opened fire at Derby. Pig-prodding and bull-baiting (for those who dare), interested glances at harrows, ploughs and mangles.

Indian Empire Garden Party at Hurlingham, including a polo match against Jaipur's team, which won, as usual. Frock-coats, tail-coats, top-hats made the day hotter than ever. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught were the guests of honour.

King Feisal has been touring all over England, seeing the Home Fleet at Torquay and the last night of *Wild Violets* at Drury Lane—Charlotte Greenwood counts as her greatest success being hung "on the line" in the Academy.

Flower Show at Royal Horticultural Society's Hall. Regret little news, as was swiftly evicted for picking the exhibits.

Independence Day

Turkey was provided in **Punch's Club**, as a tribute to the United States on this great day, July 4th. (American papers, please copy.)

Sport, Sport, Sport

Of course, last week was "a gala week of sport." Golf Championship at St. Andrews—Henley and Wimbledon; in none of these did I perform. Left St. Andrews to Walter Hagen, and Henley to the Pitmans, Golds, and other famous rowing families. Also I am always frightened it will rain. Heard there was the usual galaxy of Stewards, Old Blues, Leander's pink socks, punts, pretty girls, Phyllis Court by moonlight, hock-cup, and straw boaters.

Wimbledon was nice and hot: all the stars did all they were wanted. Peggy Scriven seems to be world's champion—as regards the fan public. She 's a pretty girl; not one of those husky, bustling females always associated with "lawners."

A bevy of beauty made an early rush for one of Le Touquet's great sporting and social events—the Buck's Club Golf Handicap. Of this, more news next week.

Nocturnal Movements

A wad of **Ballet** temporarily ousted the theatre. At the Savoy, Tilly Losch nightly shows Husband-promoter Edward James (and others) how gracefully she dances. On special nights Lifar and Nikitina (accent on the second "i") performed.

Heat was so great one night that Lifar provided a shower-bath for the stalls: Lady Juliet Duff, Mr. John Sutro, Sir Harry Stonor, the C. B. Cochrans were there; also interesting girls with sleek black hair parted in the middle—decidedly Diaghileffian.

Lifar danced *Le Spectre de la Rose*—he got plenty of real ones afterwards, also a basket of fruit.

There's the **Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo** at the Alhambra: all the performers' names end in -ski, -ska, or -ova. Bevies of young men walk about the Promenades, exclaiming "Isn't it *lovely?*" It certainly is, but they are not.

Alanova danced at "Aeolus" concert. Described as "mysteriously interesting"—she is, and she danced very well to Milhaud's (one of "Les

Left: Lord Acton's sister, the Hon. Helen Acton, and Prince Guglielmo Rospigliosi, son of the late Prince Ludovico Rospigliosi, were married last week from her aunt's (the Hon. Mrs. Herbert) house, Trebencyn, Abergavenny. Lord Acton gave his sister away

Programme-Sellers at Miss

Lady Anne Bridgeman and Miss Holmes Hunt wo who helped at Miss Vacani's Matinée, wh Great Ormond Street Sick Children's Hospital. Ma

• ABOUT • TOWN

Social Diary of the Week

Six") *La Mort d'un Tyran.* Saw Lady Leconfield, Lady Anglesey, Comtesse de Limur, Baroness d'Erlanger, Mr. Rodney Soher, Lady Howe.

Parties

Mrs. Corrigan " did her bit." This annual feast of fun took place on Tuesday night at her house in Grosvenor Street. Cabarets, lucky dips (for which Mrs. Peter Thursby got many cheers for winning), the hostess in silvered chiffon, were the features of the party—Princesse Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge was a new face among all the well-knowns. But where are the gnu's heads from Nairobi, after Mrs. Corrigan's recent safari ?

Nancy Cunard's party at the Vita Lido, in aid of certain distressed negroes. Only the " whites " bathed—the blacks crooned dismally by the water's edge. Hostess's bracelets strong enough to shackle Uncle Tom to his cabin.

Deb's Dances took place every night of the week. Not having been invited to any, I can but comment on the freshness and simplicity of the sweet young things walking about Belgrave Square the other evening—Lady Crossley and Mrs. Alan Thomson were giving a dance.

Cortot played at Mrs. Beddington Behren's house. " I thought I 'd been asked to see some Corots," exclaimed one guest : the French pianist seemed to miss his Pleyel piano. Brazilian Ambassador, Mr. Sidney Schiff, Lady Bridget Poulett were in the audience.

Mrs. Claude Beddington (" Mother B." to many) did the honours for the Everest flyers. She welcomed guests in her " lovely illuminated gardens, where the honeysuckle and Madonna lilies smell divine "—in other words, at Arkwright Lodge, Hampstead. Very hot indoors, but everything in the garden was lovely.

Mrs. Syrie Maugham lured us all to Chelsea. Nobody minded the lights going out : the heat was terrific, but that was not the hostess's fault. The Boswell Sisters sang, Nikitina ate hot kedgeree (not as a " turn "). Best party of the week—" everybody " was there.

Mrs. Woolley Hart wanted us all to go to her Château de la Boissière, Oise, on Saturday night, to feed and drink " black velvet." Parisians went en masse—when I last saw Mr. Woolley Hart he had not got his Tyrolean costume (in which guests were due to feature). Has probably forgotten such a trivial incident by now

THIS WEEK'S DOINGS

Sport

Monday—Wednesday. **Oxford and Cambridge** at Lord's. Parsons temporarily desert pulpits. Followed by—

Friday—Saturday. **Eton and Harrow** Don't forget there 's a cricket match.

Parties

Tuesday. Lord Beaverbrook's annual " rout " at Stornaway House. Duke Ellington's band (2,000,000 guests expected ! No free gifts ?)

Tuesday. The Comtesse André de Limur's dance in Eaton Square.

Friday. Eton Ball at the Dorchester. " For young and old alike."

MR. PEEPS

Swaebe

Charity Dancers

The Hon. Mrs. R. Somerset and Lord Blandford were two of the guests at the Dockland Settlements Ball, of which more photographs appear on page 51

Arthur Owen

Vacani's Dancing Matinée

wo of Lady Alexander's band of debs and ex-debs was held at the Hippodrome in aid of the pictures will be appearing next week of this event

Mrs. Woolley Hart gave a grand party last week-end at her house at Senlis, near Paris, in her Tyrolean hut in the woods. All the guests were asked to wear Tyrolean dress ; Mrs. Woolley Hart was photographed in hers before she left London. Max Reinhardt and Alexander Crane, the talented American artist, both lent a hand in designing the dresses and décor for the party, for which a good many of Mrs. Woolley Hart's friends flew over from London

• PERSONALITIES

By "Peter Pepper"

The Lady Melchett

Mr. P. J. Hannon

Yevonde
Miss Valerie Taylor

The Duke of Marlborough

The Lady Louis Mountbatten

• **LADY MELCHETT,** who organised the Maccabi Ball last week, is a noticeable figure, with straight, golden hair hanging to her shoulders, like a mediæval page. She wears unusual clothes, somewhat "arty" in taste, but becoming. She does not use rouge or darken her eyelashes, so she gives the impression of having small eyes. She has a lovely smile, is intelligent and comparatively well-informed. She makes friends quickly, but although she has periods of being very social, her real interests lie with artistic and literary people. She has a husband, three children, houses in Hampshire, London, and South Rhodesia.

• **P. J. HANNON, M.P.,** is one of the most popular men Birmingham has ever known. He makes himself liked by sheer overwhelming good humour. He greets a tram-car conductor as eagerly and boisterously as he does a Duke. He speaks with an Irish brogue, and his blarney is as flowing as his speeches. He is an ardent Roman Catholic and one of the most broadminded and understanding of men. He will go to an immense amount of personal trouble to help a friend or a good cause. His achievements set forth in *Who's Who* are worth a glance. He has married twice.

• **VALERIE TAYLOR,** who has just returned to England from Hollywood, is the embodiment of that hackneyed phrase, a "born actress." As a child, she invariably confused truth and her imagination, believing passionately in her own fiction. She cares little about her personal appearance, but will wear a dress that pleases her until it is threadbare. She is extremely sensitive, and completely loses herself in any character she represents. She is untidy, broadminded, and forgetful, save where her work is concerned. Beauty and adventure are the important factors in her life. She has dead-straight hair, an attractively ugly mouth, and a good-looking husband.

• **LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN,** who has just returned to London after an absence of two years and who is staying with Sir Philip Sassoon, is one of the most beautiful of modern Society women. In Lily Langtry's days the public would have stood on seats in the Park to catch a glimpse of her, but films have made the public, like the prophets, indifferent to home products. Lady Louis' romantic marriage to a cousin of the King when she was the wealthy Edwina Ashley took place in 1922. She has a quiet manner, moves gracefully, and would make a fortune on the films. She is a loyal and an exceedingly generous friend; loves gaiety, but is at times content to ignore discomfort. She is very courageous. She has beautiful eyes, perfect legs, good taste, a strikingly handsome husband, and two daughters.

• **THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,** who startled a banquet of Druids by appearing in white linen trousers, has decided ideas on dress. He always wears black suède evening shoes. He finds them more comfortable, especially for dancing, which he greatly enjoys. He can often be seen at the Café de Paris, dancing neatly and precisely with one of the dance hostesses. His nickname is "Sunny," and he has a quick, dry laugh. He has married two beautiful wives; he likes candlelight, and gives an outsider the impression of being lonely.

Alhambra Audience

First-Night Celebrities at the "Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo"

Above: Miss Mary Sheridan and Mrs. Humphrey Noble, who were looking be-jewelled and decorative enough to please any first-night gallery

The first night of the last "show" at the Alhambra was a brilliant affair and drew all London's fashionables and intelligentsia, and the performance itself was no less brilliant. Above are Lord Alfred Douglas, the Hon. Mrs. Bryan Guinness, Mr. B. Howard, the Hon. Nancy Mitford, and Mr. Edward Nash photographed in the foyer during the interval

Right: Mme. Sokolova talking to Anton Dolin, who danced in the beautifully done "Les Sylphides," with which the programme opened

Alexandra Danilova drinking a toast after the show was over; she danced in both "Les Sylphides" and "Le Beau Danube" on the opening night

Left: a group at the Alhambra, which includes Anton Dolin, M. Efrem Kurtz, the musical director, M. de Basil, the director-general, Irma Baronova, première danseuse, Sir Oswald Stoll, Tatiana Riabouchiaska, première danseuse, Leonide Massine, maître de ballet, and Léon Woizikovsky, another principal dancer

A Racing Reverie

Newmarket and "Ally Pally": By "Regular"

The Hon. Mrs. Thomas Frankland, whose husband, Baroness Zouche's eldest son, is in the 15th, in the paddock with Major Ronnie Staniforth at the Bibury Club meeting last week

IF Gordon had Michael's aspirations, what a time he 'd have! Only last week I heard just-about - the - loveliest - of - them - all exclaim: "I simply adore him, heavenly little man." And she was only voicing the opinion of them all. To Gordon, however, adulation doesn't mean a thing—which, in the long run, will be all the better for Gordon. But I can't help wishing I could change places with him for twenty-four hours. I wouldn't have time to ride any winners.

THE little man's century got us very worked up. Demonstrations on a race-course are becoming quite frequent these days. What with Brown Jack, Myrobella, and the King winning all these races, and now Gordon getting his hundred before June 's out, we seem to have barely completed one emotional outburst before we embark on another.

FRIDAYS at Newmarket often have the nasty knack of proving expensive, but the recent one was, on the contrary, quite profitable; while, if Peter Beatty's Manacle had obliged, instead of getting beaten a short head, a large proportion of the aristocracy would have been freed from financial worries for a considerable period.

"DON'T breathe a word to a soul, but Manacle will win a minute." On various occasions during the course of the afternoon I was led to remote corners of the Plantation, the cloak-room, and the bar, and vouchsafed this information.

ALL sorts of amazing stories were abroad about the merits of this animal. "Vandy" had tried it in the middle of the night with the Admiral, Miss Sheriffe, and "Flash" Kellett, while the touts were asleep, and it had won in a trot, was one popular rumour; while others averred that the trial had taken place round the Major's garden, with the horses disguised as dogs. Conflicting as were the rumours, they all boiled down to the fact that Manacle was "home and dried," but that "nobody knew nothing about it" save my informant and myself.

Sitting in the shade at Bibury, which is one of the most attractive (and exclusive: see "Regular's" article) race-courses: Mrs. Gordon Dill and Lady Nugent

ACCORDINGLY, I approached the ring expecting 6 to 4, but to my amazement I heard "sixes" freely offered. Mr. Clayton, however, had taken one of his views about Maid of Essex, and made a lovely market for the Major. We Regulars often have to thank Mr. Clayton for enabling us to trade at a reasonable price. If he hadn't thought Jim Thomas would beat Myrobella at Ascot, heaven knows what odds we 'd have had to lay.

So far, so good, and a hundred yards from home, better still, but a small boy called Smith spoilt everything, and, riding the sort of finish one only expects from Gordon, he forced Sir Lawrence Phillips's animal home a short head to the good. Smith is, of course, the Gordon of the future, but if Wragg had not been claimed for Maid of Essex, he would not have had the ride.

THE meeting ended with a most popular victory for Mrs. Glorney's Effaceable (Smith again). The Glorneys are very open about their horses and delight in their friends backing their winners. This is tantamount to saying that they are almost unique. Accordingly, there were more smiling faces as we queued up our high-powered cars and waited for the trains to pass at Six-Mile Bottom, than I have seen for a long time.

ALEXANDRA PARK, like oysters and the opera, is an acquired taste. Either you think it 's grand or you can't stand the sight of the place. Personally, I 'm very pro-A.P. When the field disappears behind the houses, my horse is tailed-off last. I always have the pleasant delusion that it will reappear in front. Of course, it doesn't, but if it hadn't been for the houses, I 'd have learned the bad news even earlier.

I THINK that the Palace on the Hill, reminding us of former past glories, and spurring us on to fresh endeavours, is a particularly inspiring sight. I 'm not suggesting that it 's exactly the sort of place one would choose to build for one's self, but one can never lose sight of it, and it is an enormous comfort to those who wonder whether "Ally Pally" is quite the place they ought to go to. Because, after all, any function held in the grounds of a palace must be O.K.

I REPEAT that I 'm very fond of my home meeting, but she who looks cross when I lose declares that the only thing she liked about it was the lunch we had before we went down. She 'd have been crosser still if Cuthbert Blundell's Tolstoi hadn't got us out of the soup in the last race. "If spendthrift worm can afford to lay extravagant odds when losing heavily——" Mr. Gubbins knows the rest.

I MUST hand it to A.P. in one respect. Their Members' Car Park has got Sandown beaten out of sight. It 's never taken me much more than an hour to extricate myself from Esher. But not even Messrs Thornton and Macdonald experienced more difficulty than I did in escaping from "Ally Pally."

WHEN first the eagle eye of the doctor detects that the latest arrival is a son, you must straightway put him down for the Bibury Club. Eton, night-clubs, and the M.C.C. can wait, but, to avoid social degradation when he attains man's estate, you must not delay to put him down for Bibury, for, unless you are a bona-fide member of this august body, you will never attain that standard of social smartness which alone spells happiness.

I SPEAK feelingly, for only last week I experienced this ghastly wound to my pride. All the summer I had saved. "For three whole days," I said to myself, "I will be a member of the Bibury Club. With this I shall have attained the pinnacle of my social success; my days of climbing will be over." Imagine my chagrin when I was informed that I must spend the day in Tattersall's. I felt as one does when, having sat down on one's hostess's right hand, one is told that one's place is next to the children's governess.

IN vain I pleaded. Alternatively, I boasted of my success in other spheres. I would send along my faded Scug cap, proof of my prowess at Eton; my membership cards of the Automobile Association and several night clubs, but all to no avail. "Well, then," I cried, now in desperation, "a signed photograph of Lord Blandford?" This, of course, I do not possess, but when a man is desperate he employs desperate means. Fortunately for me, the custodian of this Holy of Holies did not call my bluff; he only called his friend, who led me away. Next week you shall hear of old Uncle Regular, stripped of the one thing he holds most dear—his self-respect—spending the day in Tattersall's.

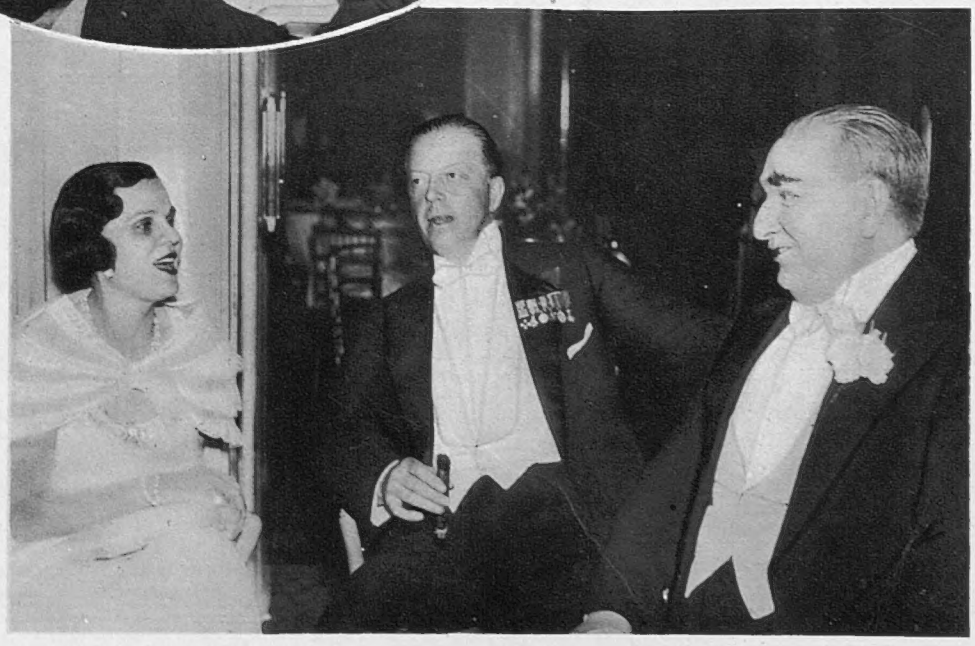
A Royal Evening Engagement

The Dockland Settlements Ball

Left: the Duke and Duchess of York photographed at the Dockland Settlements Ball with Lady Maureen Stanley. Lady Maureen Stanley and Mrs. Michael Hornby, the joint Chairmen, were being congratulated on all sides on the success of their efforts

The Duke and Duchess of York and Lady Maureen Stanley

Above: Captain Lancaster, Lady Stavordale, who was a member of the Ball Committee, and Major Jack Herbert, sitting out together



Above: Miss Norma Shearer, whom her visit to England is evidently suiting very well, dancing with Earl Beatty

Right: Mrs. Edward Baron and Colonel the Hon. Fred Cripps, who were both presented to the Duke and Duchess of York during the evening, talking to Sir Denison Ross

The Dockland Settlements Ball, held last week at the Dorchester, was one of the most brilliant and successful charity affairs of the season. More pictures of those present will appear next week

Photographs by Swaebe

Hot-Pot by Flashlight

At the Maccabi Ball

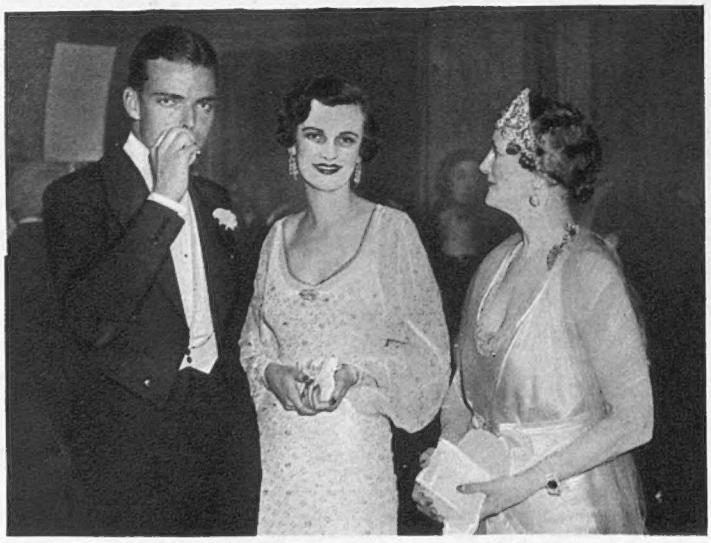
Below : Lady Mount Temple, always as smart as anyone, wherever she may happen to be, discussing something or other, in her usual vivacious way, with Mrs. Flora Lion

Below : Viscount Erleigh, whose wife is Lord Melchett's eldest sister, and the Marchesa Malacrida, whose husband often designs interiors for Mayfair restaurants

Lord Conway of Arlington, too serious for "Hot-Pot," but very celebrated, Lady Melchett, who organised the Ball, in aid of the British Association of Maccabees, and Lady Diana Cooper

And here are Sir Hugh Smiley and his wife (Lady Smiley) and Lady Seafield at supper ; they come into "Hot-Pot" too, sometimes

Above : Kathleen, Countess of Drogheda, Mme. de Peña (she gives parties), and her husband made a good flashlight group



And so did Lady Elibank (right) and the Charles Sweenys, who come very near the top of the 1933 list of best-known, best-looking, and best-liked young marrieds

Mrs. Alastair Baillie and the Hon. Mrs. Ian Macalpine, Lord Bethell's daughter, transacting a bit of charity business at the Dorchester Hotel, where the ball was held

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Almost a Musical Comedy

"Give Me a Ring" (Hippodrome)

SHED a tear with me for the dance-producers, the scenario-writers, the lyricists, the composers, the extra-joke merchants, and all these other brave hearts who fling their collective genius into the melting-pot of musical entertainment. If they fail, maybe it is because there are too many of them: or too few—nobody is ever quite sure which; maybe they have handed out the old dope and got it handed back again; or maybe they have had the nerve to do something new.

This sort of monkeying about with the rules is a serious offence. Moreover, it can't be done, because musical comedy, as everyone knows, recoils from novelty just as violently as Nature abhors a vacuum. You couldn't sit down and play a game of Snakes and Ladders with a man who suddenly introduced Halma halfway, or insisted on going *up* the snakes and *down* the ladders. *Give Me a Ring*, at the Hippodrome, which is about mistaken identities, and other spots of bother, in a revolving hotel, is rather that sort of game. You don't know where you are. Sometimes you are in the Hippodrome, but more often you are taking part in one of Mr. George Black's Crazy Weeks at the Palladium. It feels like that, anyway, because, although you're quite prepared to find "roses round the door" cropping up in the theme song, you're not quite educated down, or up, to loud-speakers in the roof and the orchestra pit occupied by Debroy Somers and his band. Unfortunately the theme song, "I Only Want One Girl," is one of those throaty laments more suited to a silencer than a magnifier. This woeful ballad leaps out at you with distressing frequency, the excuse being that the leading man who can sing (John Garrick) is a radio-star who broadcasts from any old place except the B.B.C. studios. The leading man who can't sing is Ernst Verebes. Mr. Verebes speaks English with a Hungarian accent and doesn't dance. There is a chorus hidden away somewhere, and they don't dance much, either. Evelyn Laye is the leading lady, and, working on the theory of opposites, it doesn't take much imagination to get the notion of what she is asked to be up to all the evening. The grande dame de luxe, the songstress capable of registering direct hits on the gallery without the aid of loud-speakers, is cast for the part of—you get the idea at once—a pert hussy with nothing to sing that couldn't be lisped by the second soubrette. Miss Laye, according to Cocker, should be a severe and classic beauty queening it in a plumed hat: we must respectfully protest at this act of lèse majesté in transforming our Pompadour princess into a mere telephone girl of the Gertie Lawrence school. What we want, please, is Beauty au Laye, not archery à la Hale.

As a sop to convention, that maestro of the music-halls, Will Fyffe, is a Scottish hotel-steward and not, as one might suppose, a Tyrolese nobleman; while Flanagan and Allen keep the vaudeville flag flying with further monstrous assaults on the King's English, and one capital orgy of crockery-smashing. We get occasional glimpses of Gina Malo's lovely legs (pardon me) and vivacious personality. About the only knock-out blow to the old tradition is handed out by the scene-painters. Their stuff is new, good and very welcome.

TRINCULO.

"Give Me a Ring"

Evelyn Laye as the type of telephone operator from whom we could take any amount of wrong numbers, and by whom it would be a pleasure to be tr-r-roubled!

Sketches by Rouson

Oi! Oi! Trouble in the broadcasting studio between the Lothario (John Garrick) and the two would-be avengers, Bud (Oi) Flanagan and Will Fyffe

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides : By "Big Ben"

Arthur Owen

Mr. C. Roland Robinson, M.P., and his wife, who was Miss Maysie Gasque, and is Mrs. Clarence Gasque's daughter, photographed in the season's full dress. Mr. Roland Robinson has represented the Widnes Division of Lancashire in the House of Commons since 1931

WHAT has happened to Mr. Churchill? He hasn't made a first-class speech, judged by his own or anybody else's standard, for a long time. He has been ineffective on the platform, ineffective in the Commons; he was almost incredibly ineffective at the Conservative Party meeting at the Friends' House. The truth probably is that however keenly he may feel on India, he is not really at home with the subject. And he likes power and hates opposition. I believe he is a bad loser.

To Lord Lloyd, on the other hand, the Indian controversy has been a godsend. He may be in a minority group, representing a minority view, but at least he is once more a figure in public life, and one to be increasingly reckoned with. I am told that he is looking beyond the present dissension in the Conservative Party to a time when he will challenge not only the Government's policy, but the Government itself. At least one great daily paper would be prepared to back him.

À PROPOS the Conference at the Friends' House: Sir Geoffrey Ellis, who should have been Chairman of the meeting, developed a very sudden illness an hour before it was due to begin, which compelled him to relinquish his unenviable task to Miss Regina Evans, who was not too well herself, and nearly collapsed afterwards. It is not often one hears of a Yorkshireman failing to stay the course; Sir Geoffrey is the unlucky exception.

"NATIONAL unity" (whatever it may exactly mean) continues to be pressed on the constituent parts of the Government as the only possible escape from a débâcle at the next election. The Co-ordinating Committee, with its distinguished personnel, seems to have gone to ground, but the National Labour Group has been taking steps "to strengthen its organisation in the country." What a good many Conservative M.P.s wonder is whether the strengthening is for the benefit of them as well, or only for that happy band of pilgrims (under the Chief Pilgrim, Mr. MacDonald) who become every day more like the ten little nigger boys.

No; the National Labour Members have nothing to complain of. Fifteen of them got into Parliament and now, at the time of going to press, only two of them remain (unhonoured). The other thirteen have each in turn received their leader's thanks. Give him his due, Mr. MacDonald does look after his own. Other Party leaders, please note. Mr. Flint still waits, and Mr. Holford Knight. But Mr. Flint, after all, only scraped in by two votes, and he did second the Address; while Mr. Holford Knight was made Recorder of West Ham by Mr. MacDonald in 1930, and, anyway, will he ever be elevated as high as his ambition?

TAKE a man like Mr. Howard Gritten, who sits for the Hartlepools; what must he feel as he sees this shower of preferment on those he has opposed throughout his political life? No one could have been more persevering or more strenuous on his party's behalf. He has fought eight elections, and it was not his fault that Sir William Jowitt defeated him in 1923. If he is bitter he has reason to be, and if he decides not to stand again, who will be surprised?

BUT who wouldn't be surprised if Sir Archibald Boyd-Carpenter were to give up? There is no one who enjoys more his position as Member of Parliament; there is no one who has been more determined in his efforts to remain one. Two attempts in Yorkshire as long ago as 1910 brought him no luck. Bradford, in 1918, gave him a seat for five years and then threw him out. Coventry took him in but dropped him after four years, only for loyalty to triumph and Chertsey, the safest Conservative seat in the kingdom, to put him back in 1931. Even Sir Archibald could not lose Chertsey. He is there for life. What is he going to do about it? He has been a junior Minister—he held three important posts between 1922 and 1924. He ought to do something else now to justify himself. His future can't be all beer and skittles.

Peter North

A new portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, the wife of the Member for St. Marylebone, and Lord Mount Temple's younger daughter. Captain "Bobby" Cunningham-Reid has held this seat since the famous bye-election last year

MR. WALTER RUNCIMAN has been giving away secrets as to how our trade agreements are made with foreign countries. I have no doubt that his audience were thrilled to hear of the early-morning lecture of a Very High Personage to the leaders of the Argentine delegation. But surely the Very High Personage might object if his name were to become closely identified with a trade policy which has as many critics as it has friends?

AND, though my admiration for Dr. Burgin, Mr. Runciman's second-in-command, as a linguist is unbounded, my admiration for him as an espionage officer is not so strong that I can contemplate, with any degree of satisfaction, our traditional friendship with the South American Republic being broken by the use of methods that seem, at least to me, to be strangely un-English and quite unjustified.

Racing in the Midlands

The Nottingham July Meeting

Nottingham picked a heat-wave for its July meeting, but there was enough breeze to make racing very pleasant for the spectators. Above are Miss Hunt, Mrs. Wall, and Miss P. Philipson walking round in the sunshine

Clifford Richards, who won the Harrington Stakes, the big race of the first day, on O.T.C., talking to Miss Norah Wilmot

Mrs. George Drummond congratulating Colonel B. C. Fairfax, whose two-year-old, Diana Buttercup, won the Savile Plate—her third successive win ; she is, so far, unbeaten

Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, Earl Fitzwilliam's youngest daughter, was at Nottingham for the first day's racing

Mrs. D. V. Warwick kept the racing check fashion going with her long check mittens ; she is with her husband, Major Warwick

Two of the hunting-in-winter, racing-in-summer regulars of that part of the world were together : Mrs. Chester Beatty and Miss Monica Sherriffe

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

S. C. Norton
The Cannibal Chief's Chief Vassal

GOLFING stockbrokers are like nagging mothers-in-law or peppery Anglo-Indian Colonels—they 're so much taken for granted that in novels and plays they 've become a sort of stage property. And it 's true; golf is the typical City man's game. However, the Stock Exchange didn't carry off many honours in the Amateur Championship this year. The great Roger Wethered went farthest, but even he got no nearer bringing the Championship back to the House than lasting until the fifth round. Everyone was sorry he didn't do better; he is easy to like, never blows his own trumpet, and is very popular in consequence. He and Robert Harris, twin golfing-stars of the House, are the most complete contrast in styles: Wethered long and loose-limbed, with a swinging, almost ungainly walk, and Harris thick-set and strong and all-of-a-piece. The latter left the Championship in the second round.

HILARY BRAY and D. H. R. Martin were two junior House representatives at Hoylake; both of them were beaten in their first matches. Martin was defeated by the Canadian, C. Ross Somerville, who was "napped" by a good many people as the probable winner, so losing four and three to him was no discredit. G. D. Hannay and his "shop-window"-full of shields beat the holder, John de Forest, before he succumbed to Lister Hartley in the third round; perhaps he 'll wear another shield for that; he likes people to know about these things.

GOOD games players, provided they don't boast about it, always get on well in the House; everyone likes to know and deal with the stars. And they don't find it difficult to get away to play in important events; the heads of firms are ready to give their blessing to members who aspire to championships and the like. Jobbers come off best, of course, in the ordinary way, for they can hurry off as soon as the House closes, when the broker has to go and write letters from his office; and if he takes a day off, as like as not some rich old client will ring him up, take mortal offence at his not being on tap, and remove his business elsewhere.

THE street market regulars keep late hours, too. It 's a

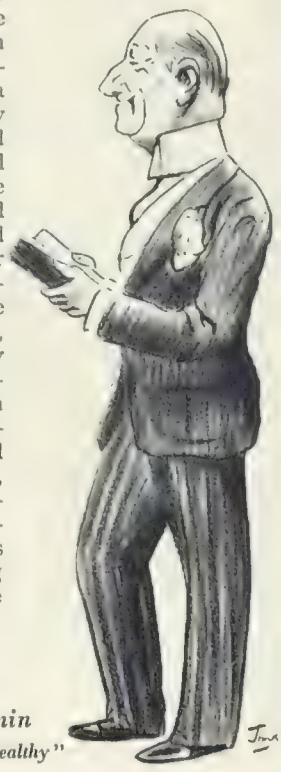
Roger Wethered
"Loose-limbed"

mystery to other people how much business they do, with all their shouting, and whether they all know each other or if it isn't possible for a passer-by, annoyed by having such a crowd to push through, to make a deal with one of them, just for spite, and then disappear for ever, having put his victim's book all wrong. Anyway, these American market dealers can go and console themselves with a drink between bargains by just stepping across the pavement.

DRINKS inside the House are supplied, not from "the company's main," but from one of the artesian wells which made London famous in Roman times. It 's a good quality water, and always earth-cold; everyone drinks pints of it in the summer. Not very long ago, when plumbers were working underneath the House, enormous numbers of oyster-shells were discovered, which, it was not unreasonably suggested, may have been there since the day when some old gourmet of a Roman ate their inhabitants. On the other hand, perhaps that 's where all the Committee's oyster-shells go. Or was there ever a time when members ate oysters as they now eat cherries? Oyster-shells would be one degree worse than cherry-stones all over the floor. The summer débris makes the House look like Margate after a picnic, and the like of the popping and banging that goes on all day when the stones are trodden on couldn't be heard anywhere else in London.

ALFRED BENJAMIN, whose portrait "Jonk" has produced this week, is one of the youngest among the older men in the Stock Exchange. He is well on the way to becoming a "Father of the House"; the qualification for this title is a fifty years' membership, and Mr. Benjamin has done forty-five of them. In spite of this, he preserves a youthful figure and a reputation for dancing, each probably being dependent on the other. He broke his wrist the other day in a taxi-smash; his companion was reported unhurt. A. I. Benjamin and Co., of which he is the senior partner, occupy offices in a locality known as the "Thieves' Kitchen."

SHORTAGE of space last week prevented our reporting the Alexandra Rose Day presentation to Stanley Watson. "Wattee," as the cannibal chief, was presented with a very minus-quantity top-hat for fine days, and an equally dilapidated umbrella for wet days, by some of his vassal cannibals, dressed in home-made paper and feather skirts, and with rings in their noses. The cannibal chief's wife was also there, very ingeniously made up. Suitable tom-tom noises and war-cries accompanied the ceremony, which was followed by a collection for the girls who were selling roses outside the House.



Alfred Benjamin
"I'm Young and Healthy"

Idols in Wood: No. 8. The Turf and the Torch

The Earl of Derby, winner of this year's Derby, and Sir William Crawford, K.B.E., a distinguished bearer of the Torch of Publicity, carved in caricature by S. D. Banks. Sir William is the Chairman of the Advertising and Marketing Exhibition Committee. The original models of our "Idols" series will be on view at the Exhibition, which opens at Olympia on July 17th

Delirious Dialogues: No. 20. Sir Walter Gilbey and Nellie Wallace

(Written and Depicted by A. J. Bovey)

Nellie Wallace: *Tally ho, tally ho! Yoicks, yoicks! Hounds, hounds! Foxes, foxes! Rabbits, rabbits!*

Sir Walter: *What on earth are you doing, Madam?*

Nellie Wallace: *I'm ridin' and huntin'. I've just been for a lovely canter with the Kid from Spain. Oh, I'm a little devil on a horse!*

Sir Walter: *You may be, Madam; but why are you wearing that ridiculous hat?*

Nellie Wallace: *Ridiculous hat! Girls, girls, girls, did you hear that? And what about your own hat? That's the funniest thing I've ever seen. Where do you keep it?*

Sir Walter: *I'll have you know that my hat is perfectly correct. Damme, Madam, forty years ago, when dress was dress, this hat was the envy of all the young bucks. And what was correct then should be correct now. All these high-falutin' new fashions are just bad form, Madam—damn bad form. And I'm going to put a stop to it, by gad! Nowadays, the Row is a national disgrace.*

Nellie Wallace: *You're certainly making a Rotten Row about it. (Ha, ha, ha! That was a good one!)*

Sir Walter: *There are some shocking bad habits being worn, too. Yours is terrible.*

Nellie Wallace: *How dare you! I've always had beautiful habits.*

Sir Walter: *Now let's see you on horseback; I want to see what sort of a seat you have.*

Nellie Wallace: *Father always warned me against speaking to strange men in the Park, and now I know why. Tally ho, tally ho! Yoicks, yoicks!*

HOT · POT

Savoy First Nighters

Mr. Randolph Churchill and Lady Inverclyde, together and separately, are regulars at first nights and like functions; at the "Ballets de 1933" première, at the Savoy, they were together

Peter North

The Platt-inum Blonde

Miss Suzanne Platt, daughter of Captain Ernest Platt, late Coldstream Guards, and Mrs. Hogg, works as a mannequin. She proves that England produces as good a platinum blonde as Hollywood any day

A MUCH-WRITTEN-ABOUT titled unmarried has her version of a recent and very crowded wedding. Who believes her?

* * *

WERE the guests surprised who asked for a whisky-and-soda at Mrs. Warren Pearl's dance—and got the bill?

* * *

ISN'T a certain little American hostess piling up a load of jealousy against herself?

* * *

WHERE does Lady Dashwood manage to buy her clothes?

* * *

IS the Hon. Kay Norton good "on a party"?

* * *

AREN'T Lord and Lady Vernon very conservative about their friends?

* * *

WAS Eddie Tatham pleased to get congratulatory letters for social journalism he hadn't attempted?

ISN'T Jack Hulbert's Rolls-Royce perfectly Cicely Courtneidge?

* * *

GEORGIANA CURZON is so sweet,
To see her really is a treat.
Her mother gets the daily Press
Into a most excited mess
With pictures, photographs and pars,
"Venus," they cry, "and all the Stars!"
But Georgiana murmurs, "Mars!"

* * *

DOES the Master of Sempill ever use hair oil?

* * *

IS a Scotch laird wasting a lot of money on detectives?

* * *

ARE Cabinet Ministers' wives sometimes too outspoken—to their husbands' embarrassment?

* * *

DOES Douglas Fairbanks prefer blondes, and don't blondes definitely prefer millionaires?

DOES Lady Darnley look her best in a cylinder hat?

* * *

ARE Lady Townsend's eyelids admired?

* * *

LADY CREWE talks impressively, but walks with slightly bent shoulders.

* * *

A CERTAIN young man waits at the Ritz, hoping daily for luncheon invitations.

* * *

WHY is "Kit" Dunn's sunburn so shiny?

* * *

IS a much-written-up débutante of distinguished parents longing to meet a "he-man" for a change?

* * *

LORD LONDONDERRY should not be photographed in a flying helmet. It is not a becoming decoration.

E

At the Aldershot Show

Miss A. Livingstone-Learmouth, Miss Duff and Miss C. Livingstone-Learmouth walking round at the Aldershot Horse and Hound Show on the last day, when there was a record attendance of 15,000 people

Major-General Edward Evans, C.B., who has been in charge of Administration, Aldershot Command, since 1930, is with his daughter

Miss Kitty Kennedy's cool summer dress makes Mr. M. L. Reynolds's uniform look just about as hot as it probably felt

Above: Captain and Mrs. D. S. Cripps, and Captain V. Jones, who is A.D.C. to the G.O.C., photographed between events at the Horse Show

Right: Lieut.-Colonel Viscount Gough, who commands the 1st Battalion, the Irish Guards, walking with Miss Tait

The Earl and Countess of Fortescue were both competing in the Show. Lord Fortescue succeeded to the title last year; he used to be in the Scots Greys, and is now a Colonel in the Territorials

Photographs by Arthur Owen

Away, Wives and Sweethearts!

The Bachelors' Club Tournament at Princes, Sandwich

Left: Capt. J. M. Cobbold lost by 6 and 5 to R. H. Hill in the second round. R. H. Hill was later beaten by Sir Thomas Brocklebank, one of the finalists

Above: the Hon. John Bingham was beaten by the Hon. Robin Gurdon at the nineteenth hole in the second round

Right: Col. J. B. Donnelly and R B. Bruce on their way to the fifteenth. R. B. Bruce won by 8 and 7

Commander Sir Melville Ward was one of the competitors and was defeated 4 and 3 by Sagar-Musgrave in the second round

The Hon. Elwyn Rhys, W. Sagar Musgrave, Peter Thursby and Vivian Loyd waiting to go off from the first tee. They all fell by the wayside in the first round except Sagar Musgrave, who was knocked out in the third

Sir T. Brocklebank and Mark Johnstone on the fourteenth green. Sir T. Brocklebank met and was beaten by J. C. Akroyd in the final round

On With the Dance!

"Les Ballets de 1933" First Night at the Savoy Theatre

Serge Lifar, who has given three special performances with Alice Nikitina during the "Ballets of 1933" season, with Lady Juliet Duff and Miss Lisa Maugham

Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, whose musical enthusiasms include ballet as well as opera and concerts, talking to Mr. Peter Watson

Above: Viscountess Castlerosse photographed during the interval at the first night of the Edward James ballet season

Above: the Hon. Eileen Brougham, Lord Brougham and Vaux's attractive sister, was there with Mr. Paul Willett

Right: Lady Blackett and Miss Virginia Ridgley-Carter, who went to the première with her sister

Alicia Markova was another member of the audience. She had been dancing earlier in the week in the Camargo Society's gala performances at Covent Garden

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on This and That

By "The Bystanders"

IT was sad to leave Provence. The day, like the damnable last day of every holiday, was one of burnished gold. As we took the road between the palm-trees, the blue Mediterranean lay lulled in the coil of its crystalline streams; bar-tenders were tenderly decanting cheap native gin into Gordon bottles; garage hands were delicately wrecking motor-cars in the hope of being commissioned to repair them later in the day; the facteur stood outside the Villa des Tamaris, struggling to read the postcards he was about to deliver to the English locataires; in short, the gay life of a French holiday resort was gathering momentum. The road northward was empty except for wheeling swallows flirting with the windscreen, magpies scrambling into the fields, bright hoardings advertising le montre Lip, la crème de cirage Lion Noir, l'apéritif Suze ("friend of the stomach"). On, on, past the tall Gothic of Saint Maximin . . . the discreet, shabby hotels of Aix-en-Provence, that were surely built expressly for the guilty lovers of Flaubert and de Maupassant . . . the jostling nougat shops of Montelimart . . . and so away from the cypresses, the cigales, and the white villas into the Lyonnaise . . . a superb dinner at Langres . . . a last drink at Rheims . . . dawn over the battlefields between Saint Quentin and Doullens . . . the Riviera to Boulogne in nineteen hours; seven hundred and seventy miles, with the S.S.1 displaying such manners as would have delighted the heart of my Lord of Cardigan.

Aldershot Personalities—No. 2

Col. E. D. H. Tollemache, D.S.O., M.C., G.S.O. (1), 1st Division

The Viennese Seven Singing Sisters

Who make their first bow in cabaret at the Piccadilly Hotel. The songs they sing in harmony are specially composed for them. One of their number is a brilliant pianist and acts as accompanist

Elsa Lanchester

Who takes the part of Anne of Cleves in the film with the title of "The Private Life of Henry VIII." Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester's husband, is playing Henry VIII. and some of the scenes have Hatfield as a background

WE were delighted, on returning, to find the Economic Conference still rumbling on. Influx of Delegates, we gather, has been good for hotel business; hoteliers are pretty mad with France every time her mission gets "realistic" and threatens to break up the meeting. They needn't worry; the Delegates are having far too good a time in London to want to leave just yet. It looks to us as though, if the fine weather holds and the supply of champagne, comely hostesses and ballet performances doesn't give out, the Conference might go on for ever. It seems to be the general opinion among Delegates that in the matter of catering, the show at the

Geological Museum is a world-beater. We very seldom offer advice to the nations; haven't the time. What we will say, though, is this: "If you want a Conference to confer and clear out, hold the darn thing in a temperance hotel at Manchester during the rainy season!" Maybe this sounds callous—after all, the Delegates are having a tough time, trying to remember what sub-sub-committees they've been booked for and wondering whether the B.B.C. engineers have put their speeches through to the right country or not.

SHOPPING one morning in Monte Carlo, we received a bright smile from a gentleman wheeling a perambulator; smiled back politely. Identity of the assiduous father bothered us all day. Later, we recalled him as one of the croupiers at the Casino. Lady novelists have invested the croupier with glamour, given him black moustaches, interesting pallor, a romantic private life. As a matter of fact, though, he is a dull chap; ranks socially with the bank clerk and other human robots. Croupiers have wives and families, play belotte in obscure cafés, invest their savings in Government bonds, bet on bicycle races. Before making their début in the Rooms they undergo a rigorous training. Way under the Casino in Monte Carlo roulette wheels are spinning all night as new recruits are schooled in the unromantic task of paying out the correct number of plaques. Readiness in reckoning is regarded as the supreme quality in a croupier; tact and equanimity come second. Croupiers' manners and mathematics are closely watched by the chefs from their tall chairs; their morals by the Monaco Chief of Police, who controls a whole staff of detectives from his secret office in the Casino.

"Breakfast is served, m'Lord!"

THE all-night chemists' shops around town are the strangest places. Clientèle consists partly of ritzy people on their way home from parties who remember that they're low on soap or razor blades, partly of shady persons in quest of things that chemists aren't allowed to sell. One nocturnal chemist with whom we passed an idle moment last week revealed that many quite decent citizens prefer to visit pharmacies at night, particularly if their business is intimate. Though the time was two a.m., there was quite a flow of business during our visit. An Egyptian student bought some thirty pounds' worth of perfume and what-not for an artificial Nordic, probably his landlady's daughter. He was followed by a haggard young American, padded on the shoulders and strange in his speech. "Gimme sixpennyworth of morphia, will ya?" he hissed across the counter. "Afraid I can't sell you morphia just like that," replied the chemist politely. "Okay, *okay*," said the haggard one, savagely. "I know where I can get it." He dashed away into the night.

THE term "song plugging" has passed into current usage; will no doubt figure in the next revision of the dictionary. To "plug" a song is to pay, or accept payment, for its performance on the radio. Five out of every ten bands you hear in the programmes take "plug money" for each tune they play. Charges vary from £1 per number to the £5 demanded by a certain West End band-leader. The last-named can work twenty-two numbers into a ninety minutes' broadcast, so comes out about £110 to the good. He's cynical about it, too. A friend of ours, who commiserated with him on the costly nature of his wife's recent illness, got the reply: "I'll just have to play quicker, that's all!" The B.B.C. knows all about this racket: keeps a week-by-week list of the prices charged. Its contract with outside bands precludes "plugging," but the money is passed discreetly and payment is difficult to prove. The fable has it that one publisher used to slip the cash to a certain band-leader in the course of their week-end game of golf; raced ahead to each hole; dropped a fiver in as he took his ball out.

Yevonde

This Week's Puzzle Picture

A charming if mysterious portrait of a well-known. The ostrich feathers suggest Court, but she is perhaps better known on the courts. No prize for a correct solution. Answer: Miss Betty Nuthall

Eleanora Marra, British by birth, one of the dancers in "Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo," which is being the last dancing show at the Alhambra Theatre, so long the home of ballet, previous to its demolition

VIVE LE SPORT!

No. 1.—Primo Carnera

WHEN Primo Carnera
Goes into da ring-a
He says, "Never fear-a
"It's quite a sure ting-a
"I'll win da big fight-a
"For I am a smiter,
"A man of great might-a
"Si-si, si-si,
"A wopping big Wop-a, dat's me!"

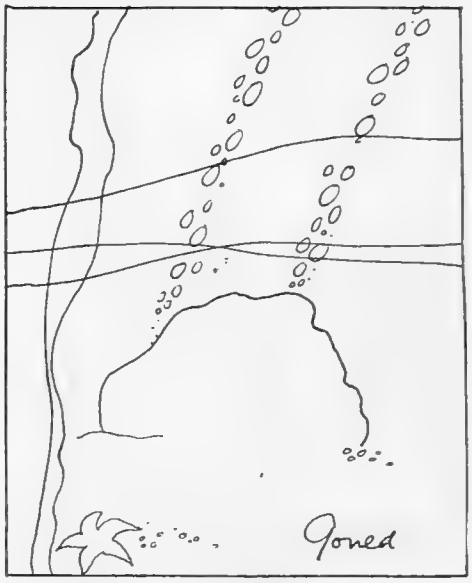
Gargantuan Primo,
He is a great lover
And son of Facsimo;
He puts on da glove-a
And says, "Those I meet-o
"I dam quickly beat-o
"To honour Benito,
"Si-si, si-si,
"For an out-and-out Fascist, dat's me!"

Now Primo's supreme-o
And Lord of da Ring-a,
He's realised his dream-o
For now he can sing-a,
"I've brought you all here-a
"A new fight (Carn)era
"So give a loud cheer-a,
"Si-si, si-si,
"For da chap what's da Champ-a; dat's me!"

B. W.

THE "poets" who provide the words for current dance music no longer rely upon the Muse for inspiration; the old girl was too slow a worker for Charing Cross Road. Most lyricists employ a Rhyming Dictionary. Three or four versions of this dictionary are now on sale. All derive their origin from John Walker's famous tome, first published in 1775, a fact which leads wizened old cynics like ourselves to suspect that some of the eminent Victorians may not have "played ball" with Parnassus. The Rhyming Dictionary groups all terminations together. If a song-writer is stumped for a rhyme to "moon," he flips the pages over to *oon*; finds "boon, baboon, harpoon, lampoon, spoon, cartoon, platoon, spittoon, pontoon, festoon, lagoon, dragoon, coon, raccoon, noon, afternoon, buffoon, typhoon, soon, bassoon, eftsoon, monsoon, shoon, loon, saloon, balloon, doubloon, pantaloon, rune, maroon, macaroon, octoroon, quadroon, strewn, poltroon, prune, croon, swoon, June, jejune." Despite these lavish facilities, most modern lyrics stick to "June," "soon," and "croon." It is a bit hard to work monsoons, raccoons, and macaroons into the story. Lyric-writers are inventive, too; pencil-in new rhymes that the dictionary-maker never thought of. A lyrical friend of ours has already noted "chassis" and "passé," to rhyme with "lassie"; "châlet" and "Calais" with "ballet"; "largo" (Handel's) with "embargo"; "topee" with "soapy"; "mazurka" with "worker"; "rotarian" with "vegetarian"; "pierrots" and "Ciro's" with "heroes." He has used them all in various songs, so you may be able to guess who we mean. The "pierrot-hero" effort brought him a long, angry letter from the Professor of English at a Middle West university.

A DISTINGUISHED novelist was last year seized with a sun-stroke; spent four painful months in the grapes-and-thermometer belt. This year, being about to visit the same hot country, he determined to take measures against possible solar assault. Strange, but seemingly sound, advice came from a retired Colonel. Sahib had spent many years in India and lost many subalterns through sun-stroke until he resorted to a measure which, he said, was confided to him by a friendly Hindu. "There 's only one preventative," thundered the Colonel. "*Wear black underclothes!*" This, it appears, is correct; black lingerie shuts out the poisonous rays in sunlight. Our friend wrote immediately to his shirt-maker in Bond Street, The usual assistant being on vacation, a newcomer



Our Nature Study Department

"Oh, you brute . . . and I thought you looked so different!"

replied to the letter. Very cautiously, on the heavy, engraved paper of the old firm, he wrote as follows: "DEAR SIR—We should, of course, be delighted to supply you with the black underwear in question, but respectfully suggest that cream or salmon-pink would be a more becoming colour. . ."

THE BYSTANDERS.

Swaebe

Captain V. Vivien (Marquis de Chateaubrun) (right) has just re-opened Kasbek, his Russian restaurant, in the Strand, over Romanos. He is seen here with some of his Russian orchestra

Swaebe

Mr. James Hennessey, the well-known French race-horse owner, Mrs. Campbell Browning, Mr. Seymour Hicks, Miss Judy Gunn, and Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe, supping at a London theatre, the Saville, where 300 International Wine Congress delegates were bidden to eat and dance after Bobby Howes had "wanted adventure," got it, and made his bow for the evening

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 6 Capt. Woolf Barnato

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Hynes

It was still a tradition at Charterhouse for years after he left (I can recall it myself) that when "Babe" Barnato, as a "new bug," found he had dropped a five-pound note between Gownboys and Crown (Carthusian for tuck-shop), he did not become unduly perturbed. He knew that it was inside the school grounds and that a note of that denomination was certain to be found and returned. It was. For, unlike the sons of most millionaires, "Babe" is no fool. It is true that his hobby of fast motoring developed into a real business, and this later became a costly business, but he has no regrets over it. In any case, compare that with, say, owning a yacht or race-horses. His finest achievement at the steering-wheel was undoubtedly the winning of the Le Mans twenty-four-hour race three years consecutively. His finest achievement of all was in making up his mind to chuck it after that. Which must have taken a bit of self-control. "Babe" is now thirty-seven years old, and though few people know it, has two daughters, aged sixteen and fifteen, as well as his four-months-old son, Peter. His first wife is still alive and has married again. After the divorce, "Babe" was a grass-bachelor for some years until he met and married "Jack" Quealy, the pretty, wind-swept San Franciscan who is now his wife.

But "Babe" must not be regarded purely as a motorist. He played cricket for Surrey in '28, '29, '30 and '31. At Charterhouse he was a promising welter, and at Cambridge he boxed in the heavy-weight trials. He was a gunner in the War. He is a prodigious hitter of a golf-ball, and at one time accepted a bet of a hundred pounds that he would get his handicap down to scratch within a year. For this purpose he took lessons daily from Archie Compston, and his chances looked still rosier when Dale Bourn, who was then English Amateur Champion, became his secretary at "Millionaire Corner," as they used to call the corner of Grosvenor Square and Carlos Place. (They do not call it so any more. Tim Birkin and Glen Kidston are both dead.) However, "Babe" lost his bet and won a wife instead.

Immensely broad, dark, Afrikander, with eyes like betel-nuts, "Babe" is getting silver threads among the gold—I mean, the brunette. He has a huge circle of friends. Yet, even among his acquaintances, I have never heard a single word of abuse, which is very uncommon nowadays, when so many people are inclined to be bitter at the expense of people who still have a lot of money.

What else can I tell you about him? Well, it was "Babe's" original suggestion that there should be traffic lights in Oxford Street. (And it was so.) It is "Babe" or Sir Malcolm Campbell to whom I would point as being the best driver on the road in England—unlike one or two other speed-kings one could mention, who are atrocious in traffic.

It is "Babe" who was the original Bentley boy. Good old "Babe"! And I haven't even mentioned diamonds. But, then, he was never actively interested in them, strangely enough . . .

Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo

The Alhambra's Dancing Farewell

Alexandra Danilova and Leonide Massine dancing in "Le Beau Danube," one of the new works in the ballet season which opened at the Alhambra last week. The music of "Le Beau Danube" is by Johann Strauss, and the choreography is by Leonide Massine

"Le Beau Danube": Vienna's Most Famous Song as Ballet

Invitation to the Waltz

The "Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo," which M. de Basil has brought to London from the Théâtre du Châtelet in Paris, will be the last entertainment at the Alhambra before it becomes a ghost to haunt the new modern building to be put up on its site. The other three new ballets are "Les Présages," with Tchaikowsky's music, "The Beach," by Françoise, and "Scuola di Ballo," by Boccherini, the choreography for each by Leonide Massine. With this ballet, and "Les Ballets de 1933" running simultaneously, the season ends in a blaze of dancing glory, even if, musically, there has been a long silence

From the Museum to the Garden: Parties for Delegates

Above, left: Lord Willoughby de Eresby and the Hon. Phyllis Astor, whose engagement has just been announced, at Lord and Lady Astor's garden party at Cliveden

Above: Sir John and Lady Lavery at the party given by Lord and Lady Ebbisham for the members of the World Economic Conference

Marchioness Camden presenting, with the help of Colonel Mordaunt, the Committee Challenge Cup to Mr. F. W. Scott, Captain of the Strollers, who beat the Free Lances by six goals to three in the Eridge Polo Club week

Above: Lady Ebbisham photographed with Lord Aberdare at the garden party which she and Lord Ebbisham gave at Fairmile Hatch, Cobham. This party, and Lady Astor's, gave the hard-working visitors from abroad the chance of seeing what English country houses and gardens at their best can be like

Right: Mrs. Archie Hay and Miss Patricia Hamilton Benn walking in the Park. Mrs. Hay has been chaperoning Sir Arthur Shirley Benn's niece to some of the season's parties, and she helped Sir Murrough Wilson to receive the guests at his dance for his débutante daughter. Miss Jeanne Stourton is her sister

Out and About

Dates from the Diary of Delegate and Débutante

Above : Captain G. H. Fanshawe, the Bays, riding Mr. Humphrey Guinness off the ball in the final of the Inter-Regimental Polo Tournament at Hurlingham, when the Greys were victors by six goals to five

Captain Anthony Eden, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mrs. Eden, and the Hon. Anne Wood, Lord Irwin's daughter, at Cliveden, Lord and Lady Astor's place on the Thames near Taplow, where their garden party for the Delegates was held

Right : Prince Arthur of Connaught presenting the Cup to Mr. Humphrey Guinness, the Captain of the Royal Scots Greys' polo team, the winners of the Inter-Regimental Polo Tournament at Hurlingham

Colonel the Master of Sempill after his high dive, in full evening dress, into the new swimming-bath at the Ace of Spades Club, which he thereby officially opened on the Aviation Gala night, when he was the guest of honour

Miss Plumpton and Mrs. Holm watching Mme. Vagliano (standing) and Mrs. Hodson, England's non-playing Captain, exchanging their respective team lists on the eve of the Great Britain v. France women's golf match at St. George's Hill, Weybridge

"Finlandia"

The Great Sibelius at His Helsingfors Home

The time when England knew Sibelius as the man who wrote "Valse Triste" is past. To-day he is truly recognised as the greatest symphonic composer of this century, is ranked with Strauss, Elgar and Delius as one of the four greatest living composers; his music is more and more played here. He is now completing his Eighth Symphony. These photographs of Sibelius, who is a Finn, were taken at his home at Juustula, near Helsingfors

Sibelius in His Garden at Juustula

"His remotest thought he turns to golden music . . ."

Bassano

Constant Lambert

Mr. Constant Lambert is directing, with M. Maurice de Abravanel, the music for the "Ballets of 1933." Mr. Lambert's attractive wife is Javanese, and before her marriage, in 1931, was Florence Kaye, the film-star

Music and all That . . .

The Savoy Ballets—A Spanish Singer

By "Melos"

RICHARD STRAUSS, the operatic composer who matters most in the world, has just had his latest opera, *Arabella*, produced in his native land. This I listened-in to, for the days when a new Strauss opera would repay a journey to Dresden in a heat-wave have passed.

Arabella is a tale of old Vienna, though of a Vienna not quite so old as that of *Der Rosenkavalier*, with which some critics who were present at the first performance have compared it.

Except that there is a trio for female voices, I could find little resemblance. *Arabella*, from what I could judge over the wireless, which admittedly is not quite a fair test, sounded scrappy and over-full of recitative. Very few phrases last more than a few bars, the composer plunging into his job right away after an overture of still fewer bars.

Operas surely need overtures, which put the people in a properly receptive mood; this is not present when the curtain is raised after only a couple of chords, and discords at that.

I DO not think there is much chance of *Arabella*, or any of the modern German operas, being heard in London. Such works as *Wozzeck* and *Mahaggony*, the latter a burlesque of modern America, are so essentially German in both musical and dramatic thought. Also, they are ludicrously difficult.

Dr. Bruno Walter said, when the production of *Wozzeck* at Covent Garden was being discussed, that at least twenty orchestral rehearsals (at £75 apiece) would be required. Then there is the probability that it would not draw even one good house. Private enterprise cannot take chances in this fashion.

AT the moment there is no possibility of new operas being produced anywhere in this country. Covent Garden is in a state of suspended animation, without much emphasis on the animation. A projected autumn tour, which was to have been run under its auspices, has been abandoned.

In fact, since the all-round amalgamation and general burying of hatchets, there has been less opera than ever, both in London and in the provinces.

THE Edward James—Tilly Losch ballets at the Savoy are drawing the intelligentsia and the social notabilities. They are interesting, but a trifle on the clever-conscious side. *Anna Anna* is an original study of the dual personality said to exist in every woman (I have usually discovered at least a dozen such personalities), expressed in dance by Tilly Losch and in music, harsh and monotonous, by Lotte Lensa. It strikes a new note, but seemed almost interminable.

Some Mozart dances, scored by Tchaikovsky and danced by a tense and muscular young person of fifteen, Mlle. Toumanova, with, of course, the usual assistance, came as a relief. In *Errante* there was gloom again and great length, though only in respect of Miss Losch's green train, which was nearly as long as the Blue Train and probably as expensive.

M. SERGE LIFAR and his small but distinguished troupe are welcome additions to the Savoy season. He is a brilliant dancer, though—why should not comparisons be made?—I prefer both the methods and personality of Mr. Anton Dolin.

M. Lifar is at his best when partnering the adorable Mlle. Nikitina in excerpts from the classical ballets of Tchaikovsky, and also in his solo dances from these ballets; his leaps and leg-twiddlings in that wonderful blue costume excited, quite rightly, gasps of admiration.

But in *Le Spectre de la Rose* he does not come anywhere near Nijinsky, and his posturings in the Beethoven ballet, *Prometheus*, though they must have taken years of practice, were often both ugly and ridiculous. The dignity and essential simplicity of Beethoven's music does not lend itself to these experiments in the modern-grotesque. Mlle. Doubrovska, as Death, also danced with immense technical accomplishment, but the strange choreography was against her.

MLLE. NIKITINA was, as I have said, adorable. She is probably the finest dancer now living and certainly the most *pleasing*. In *Les Sylphides* and in a Bach fragment she completely defeated any search for complimentary adjectives.

The London Philharmonic Orchestra—reduced in numbers owing to the size of the theatre—played extremely well under the direction of M. Labinsky, a young conductor who should go very far and end up in the very front rank.

Bassano

Mrs. Constant Lambert

MME. CONCHITA SUPERVIA'S recital at the Wigmore Hall was a great success. She is a Spanish singer who occasionally allows her audiences to forget the fact. So many Spanish ladies, whether singers or dancers, appear to ram home their nationality ad nauseam; also the Spanish vocal tone, which, with its touch of the East (for most Spanish music is of Arabian descent) is apt to become monotonous very soon.

Mme. Supervia can, of course, sing Spanish songs; indeed, no one can sing them better. But she can also tackle such formidable Italian coloratura work as the air from Rossini's *La Cenerentola*. And her singing of Ravel's "L'Enfant et les Sortileges," and other French songs, explained her great popularity in Paris.

From a dusty shelf she brought down some very early Mozart. We know that the mighty Mozart was, musically, a precocious infant. But it was difficult to find in these songs any evidence of the great things which were to come. Frankly, they were dull to the verge of worthlessness.

The Passing Picture Show

"Enchanting Spirit, dear Variety." —*Bloomfield*

By Sydney Tremayne

IF they are not all so very different from films that have been made before the latest batch of premières are certainly sufficiently different in theme and treatment from one another to "suit all tastes." Marked racial characteristics are in evidence. The American films, whether they are meant to be comic or horrific, show a violence, a sort of feverish, nightmarish conception of life, and rely almost entirely on situation rather than characterisation, while the English films are pre-occupied with people and, if they move more slowly, they do progress to some sort of reasonable and rational conclusion.

HUMOUR is represented respectively by *International House* (American) and *Britannia of Billingsgate* (British). The former is the most chaotic assembly of motives, stars and knock-about mirth that has ever been conceived and executed. It is meant to be frightfully funny, but the pandemonium is fatiguing in its confusion. A collection of maniacs, impersonated by well-known film-actors and the one and only Peggy Hopkins Joyce, are brought together at the International Hotel in a Chinese city. As the fun waxes more fast and more furious everything is smashed up, everyone and everything is knocked down or knocked up in the night on some fantastic pretext, and the lunatic-in-chief, in the person of W. C. Fields, drives the car which he keeps for emergencies inside his strange flying machine, through every room and corridor of the hotel, up and down stairs and fire-escapes, completing the progressive holocaust.

Well, that is that. In contra-distinction you have the sublimities of Violet Loraine and Gordon Harker, epitomising the Cockney tongue in *Britannia of Billingsgate*.

OTHER American "offerings" are *Hell Below*, with Walter Huston wasted on a mechanical part and an heroical part wasted on Robert Montgomery. As an insubordinate naval lieutenant in an imaginary American Mediterranean fleet, making serious but illicit love to his commanding officer's married daughter, predestined to heroic obliteration, he is miscast. Situations and characters are so divorced from reality that nothing that happens in the film matters, and even the "big moment," when the submerged submarine crew is suffocating from chlorine gas-poisoning, fails to emerge as a reality.

THE best of the American films is the least pretentious: *The Kid's Last Fight*, young Douglas Fairbanks' latest picture and, I think, his best acting performance. He opens in the James Cagney vein, a "tough kid" determined not to be a "sucker," and he and his associates are quite the most vulgar and objectionable coterie ever presented as examples of America's sporting world. Young Fairbanks carries his characterisation through this phase and the even more difficult conversion, with a sureness of technique and gradual increase of sympathy, while adroitly skirting the very obvious pits of sentimentality, with a sureness that places him in the front rank of Hollywood's younger actors. He has charm and good looks as well as talent and is, with the possible exception of Gary Cooper, the most attractive screen personality among the oncoming stars. His recent pictures have shown his versatility, and one can see nothing to stop him from becoming the greatest as well as the best-looking cinema star if he fully recovers his health.

GALSWORTHY'S *Loyalties* was well worth screening, and it has been worthily done by Basil Dean. The fact that this play makes a good picture shows how inherently dramatic it is, and yet the situations devolve from and depend on characterisation, individual, racial and social.

Loyalties is excellently cast and acted. Basil Rathbone as the Jew, de Levis, the part which Ernest Milton played so superlatively well upon the stage, is admirable. To be effective, the actor must get into the skin of the character, the righteousness and racial pride, the vindictiveness and latent vulgarity, the tenacity of that particular Jew in that peculiar situation, must come from within, to make the character convincing or sympathetic. Rathbone accomplishes this. Miles Mander makes Ronnie, the reckless, adventurous ex-officer—who is betrayed by a variety of circumstances into an impetuous act of felony and thereafter ruined by the loyalty and belief of his friends and his young wife—a living character. *Loyalties* is a sound and interesting picture. It gained by its juxtaposition to *International House* when shown at the Carlton. Its normality and leisureliness were a relief.

Gordon Harker looking like "the end of a perfect day," in "Britannia of Billingsgate," the English film at the Capitol, in which Violet Loraine, playing opposite Gordon Harker, makes her film début

Miles Mander and Joan Wyndham in a scene from the English film version of Galsworthy's "Loyalties," in which Basil Rathbone plays the part of the Jew. "Loyalties" has been running at the Carlton

Engaged

Left: Lady Susan Egerton, the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere's fourth daughter, who is twenty, is engaged to Mr. John Askew, Grenadier Guards, the only son of Mr. W. H. Askew Robertson, of Ladykirk, Berwickshire

Right: Miss Ann Acland-Troyte and Lord Ebury (below) were married almost immediately after their engagement was announced ten days ago. Lady Ebury is the daughter of Mr. Herbert Acland-Troyte

Bassano

The Lady Susan Egerton

Hay Wrightson

Lord Ebury
and (top right)
Lady Ebury

Hay Wright

Photographs by Yevonde

Miss Gipsy Lawrence

Miss Gipsy Lawrence is the younger daughter of Sir William and Lady Lawrence, of Hyde Hall, Herts, and is engaged to Major R. H. Boyd. Her fiancé, who used to be in the Royal Scots and now lives in Delhi, is the second son of the late Major Walter Boyd

Miss Ethne Woollan

Another engagement which was announced in June is that of Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Woollan's only daughter to Mr. John Baskervyle-Glegg, Royal Scots Greys, who is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Baskervyle-Glegg, of Withington Hall, Cheshire

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Gloom, Laughter, Cricket and Adventure: By A. G. Macdonell

MR. JOHN BUCHAN is a most extraordinary man. Historian, publisher, Member of Parliament, traveller, scholar, and novelist, he only lacks the imp of humour and the spark of poetry to become the Robert Louis Stevenson of our days. He tumbles out book after book, and all of them are most competently written. But Mr. Buchan is more than competent. He is developing all the time. The earlier Hannay adventures were the best of their type of this century. But they were simple, straightforward stuff. *The Dancing Floor* and *The Three Hostages* were steps towards a new and strange Mr. Buchan, and now comes *A Prince of the Captivity* (Hodder and Stoughton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), which carries the new strangeness further still. I can give no nearer description of it than to say that Tolstoy might have written it. This is the story: Adam Melfort was a desperately keen pre-war soldier, with that keenness that rarely exists outside Mr. Buchan, and, with that sentimentality that surely never exists outside Mr. Buchan, he went to jail on behalf of a lovely butterfly wife who had forged a cheque for a few hundreds.

In jail he had a vision of a new world. When he came out, he realised that he could never lead the movement to that new Jerusalem, because he was branded with the brand, if not of Cain, at least of Goudie, the notorious forging bank-clerk of Liverpool, and so he decided to become the World's Champion Second-String. He would work underground while the chosen leaders made a better world. The trouble was, of course, the choosing of the leaders, and that is the essence of the book. Adam Melfort went out to find the great men whom he could serve. He had bitter disappointments, but at last he found one or two: an American millionaire, a German Chancellor, and, most important of all, an international financier. In order to rescue the financier from death, in the hopes that the rescue might convert that hard-bitten man to better and gentler ways, Adam Melfort cheerfully threw his own life away. *A Prince of the Captivity* is an extremely uneven book. The descriptions of Adam's life as a spy behind the German lines during the war, and of his dash to the Arctic regions to save the American, and of his final race across the Italian Alps, are all superb. The imitations of the *New Machiavelli*, with their long political discussions, are tedious. And there is a tendency, rare in Mr. Buchan, to be scrappy. Characters appear and vanish, without much reason for either performance, and incidents are introduced that have not very much relevance to the story. But Mr. Buchan cannot be dull for very long at a time, and we must congratulate ourselves on one important point. There is hardly a single major coincidence in the book, and that is unusual for a writer who has long been hailed as the Coincidence King.

Above: Viscount Castlerosse at the "They Painted Some Pictures" Exhibition at Sunderland House, looking at a picture painted by the Prince of Wales at the age of eight

Right: a portrait of Mrs. Ralph Hodder Williams, whose husband is a partner in the famous publishing firm of Hodder and Stoughton

Tunbridge

Mrs. Ralph Hodder Williams

THERE are few pleasures in life to compare with the reviewer's joy in slashing the book of a colleague who cannot retaliate. Mr. Howard Marshall's *Cricket Stories* (Putnam; 5*s.*) is fair game, for I so seldom, so very seldom, play first-class cricket that Mr. Marshall may have to wait years before he can slash, in THE BYSTANDER, my famous push-stroke over the wicket-keeper's head, and the shriek with which I try to intimidate Umpires Hardstaff and Chester. The only snag is that Mr. Marshall's book is rather good. There doesn't seem to be very much to slash in it. It is full of Neville Cardus, the greatest of all modern cricket-writers, and Alec Waugh (whose six over the pavilion off the first ball of the match I have myself often seen), and old John Nyren, and the Reverend Pycroft, with his stories about Lord Frederick Beauclerk and A. A. Milne's famous Rabbits, and stories about the Doctor. Altogether a capital book.

"L'AFFAIRE JONES" (Gollancz; 7*s.*6*d.*) is short measure for length and overflowing measure for amusement. Mr. Bernstein's hero, Jones, was seized by the Parisian police on the charge of stealing an overcoat, and the charge was very soon transformed into one of "insulting la patrie." Jones's adventures become fantastically funny. He is flung into prison, rescued by a bogus telephone-call, vamped by an alluring lady, kidnapped by a mysterious Monsieur X, who says that he is only acting under orders but admits that he does not know whose orders he is acting under, and after a series of incredible adventures is released from prison by the Minister of Justice. It is all full of the most deliciously witty stuff. The description of the trial of the vamping lady, on the charge of having shot her lover, is worth at least two of the three half-crowns that will buy the book. But it is possible to overpraise. On the cover of *l'Affaire Jones* we learn that one of the Directors of Messrs. Gollancz thinks it is as funny as *Zuleika Dobson*, which is almost as good a piece of nonsense as any to be found in this delightful book.

MRS. MUIR'S second novel, which is a Book Society recommendation, is a hard and terrible book. *Mrs. Ritchie* (Secker; 7*s.* 6*d.*) contains no single spark of human kindliness. Mrs. Ritchie herself is a figure of terror such as Dickens might have created, and she dominates the book so overwhelmingly that the whole effect is one of utter malignity. She was the daughter of a drunken loafer, became a housemaid, married a carpenter, had two children, and settled down to a life of religious mania coupled with hateful mental and physical sadism. After seventeen years the husband dies of sheer exhaustion, the son commits suicide, and the daughter makes a bolt for London, and Mrs. Ritchie is left with the consciousness that nothing that has happened has been her fault. The descriptions of the sordidness of the drunkard's home, of the board-school and its mob of screaming urchins are clear and strong. But it is a cruel book, and its cruelties and sordidness are made even worse by Mrs. Muir's totally unnecessary excursions into lewdness.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" By Madge Garland

Yevonde

UNCRUSHABLE silk jersey, striped in fine lines of red and blue on a white ground, makes the charming dress from the White House worn by Mrs. Beckles Willson in the photograph above

MISS MONA SIMPSON wears a simple but well-tailored sports dress of navy blue linen tweed from Richard Sands, which buttons up the front and has a collar and belt of the same material

Scaioni Studios

Country Clothes for all Weathers and Occasions

THE excellently cut navy blue coat and skirt of classic design sketched above has a matching full length coat. This ensemble is made by Kenneth Durward in a number of materials and is a perfect costume for everyday wear or travelling

ABOVE, RIGHT. A long coat from Burberry is carried out in a speckled tweed which gives a grège effect by means of white flecked with nigger brown. It has an interesting cut front yoke and rather wide sleeves of an unusual shape

STUDD AND MILLINGTON are showing a number of attractive coats designed for country race wear, but which are equally suitable for mornings in town. The one on the right is carried out in a diagonally striped woollen material

EXTREME LEFT. A plaid silk waterproof made by Dunlop is absolutely impervious to the weather and always looks extremely smart. This one has raglan sleeves and a scarf collar edged with black

A SMART single-breasted coat and slightly flared skirt cut in sections are carried out in a novelty woollen material by Studd and Millington. The shoulders are slightly padded to give breadth

BELOW, EXTREME LEFT. A silk waterproof made by Dunlop buttons down one side and has flap pockets on either hip. The scarf collar is of gaily coloured plaid silk and is also absolutely waterproof

FENWICK'S have a collection of summer clothes which is equally remarkable for its variety and the moderation of its prices. The dress and coat shown on the left hand figure below is of natural colour and blue linen. The blue revers of the dress button on to the short blue linen coat

THE figure below is wearing a flecked linen coat and skirt. The latter has a pleat down the front and the very original coat has a yoke and sleeves of striped linen in shades of brown, red and yellow. Note the slightly puffed effect of the sleeves at the shoulder. From Fenwicks

Howard Marshall on Cricket

The West Indies at Lord's

M.C.C. v. Cambridge

R. de W. K. Winlaw, the Cambridge cricketer, who made 46, Cambridge's top score in their first innings, and 39 in the second innings of their match against the M.C.C. at Lord's, scores to leg-boundary off a ball from R. C. Robertson-Glasgow

Eton v. Winchester: A Centenary Match

B. G. Bousfield and J. Davis-Scourfield, Winchester's first pair, going out to bat in the hundredth match between Eton and Winchester, which was played recently at Agar's Plough, and which ended in a draw

I'M not quite certain what a time-lag is, but it sounds as if it might be the sort of thing which causes contributors to weekly journals to be about a fortnight late with their comments upon current affairs.

Making due time-lag allowances, then, perhaps you will forgive me if I return to a consideration of the Test Match which ended so disastrously for the West Indies at Lord's. And the first thing I should like to say about this rather disappointing game is that it made me wonder whether it was really wise to raise the West Indies to Test Match status quite so soon.

The West Indies are a jolly side, there is no doubt of that, and we are grateful to them for enlivening our season with their cheerfulness and enthusiasm. The truth is, though, that they are not yet Test cricketers—they need less rigorous surroundings to bring out their best qualities. They are, in fact, a team of first-rate club players, and if the occasion is burdened with over-much responsibility they lose their spontaneity and light-heartedness. When relatively little turns upon the result—in a county match, for instance, unless the county happens to be Yorkshire—they can hold their own well enough; but against England their batsmen played as if the opposing bowlers were more than human.

Constantine would have made a difference, I daresay, though his record in Test cricket is rather dismal; apart from Constantine, it seems to me that Headley is the only class batsman in the West Indian team. Headley is a beautiful player, and although he was handicapped by a bruised ankle, his 50 in the second innings was very good to watch. Take Headley and Constantine away, however, and what is there left? Roach, a superb but unreliable stroke-player, and then a number of courageous but undistinguished batsmen who are unaccustomed to the wiles of a medium-paced or spinning attack.

It is possible that on a fiery wicket the West Indians might be more formidable; they are used to fast bowling, though, even so, it was apparent that Allen's pace took them by surprise. Still, their own attack is adapted to hard ground, and Martindale, Constantine, Francis and Griffith between them are potentially dangerous if the ball flies to any extent.

No one begrudges the West Indies their recognition as Test Match players, and I am certain that we all hope to see them pressing England hard at Old Trafford and the Oval. What does disturb me is the fact that every meeting between different countries is now rated as a Test, even when a comparatively unrepresentative M.C.C. side tours South Africa or the West Indies, and I feel that this does depreciate the value of encounters between England and Australia.

To my mind, the only Test Matches worthy of the name are those between England and Australia, for although South Africa, All-India, New Zealand and the West Indies have turned out many fine cricketers, I cannot believe that these countries have yet established themselves in the highest class of representative cricket. Let them play against England and Australia, by all means, for only so will they gain the necessary experience, but let their fixtures be carried through without all the palaver and pomposity and ballyhoo which nowadays surround the Test Match arena.

Why was it, for example, that the West Indians poked and pushed defensively at R. W. V. Robins, instead of dancing out to him and knocking him off his length? Because the occasion was solemn, a Headquarters affair, exaggerated beyond its true importance. If Robins had been bowling to the West Indians in the nets, is it likely that he would have been treated with so much respect?

Still, when all is said and done, we must admit that the West Indies have run up against an exceptionally powerful England team. The way D. R. Jardine handled his men in the field was undeniably impressive. Here, we felt, is a well-drilled machine; here, too, is the Yorkshire aggression and will-to-win carried to the highest pitch of performance. Jardine is one of those rare captains who manage to keep their fieldsmen and bowlers in a mood unremittingly hostile to the batsman. Every ball sent down against the West Indies was a menacing challenge; every movement of the fielders was a calculated thrust. Here was no negative blocking of strokes or closing down of ends; these batsmen were vulnerable, and the attack was unrelenting.

Robins bowled exceedingly well, since he could dictate a length to his opponents, and pitch the ball well up to the bat, and Verity was laudably steady, almost as steady as J. C. White. Verity still does not appear to flight the ball with the subtlety of a Rhodes, but his variations in length and pace are cunningly concealed.

Allen surprised us by his speed: he is not consistently as fast as Larwood, but now and again he lets one go which is very little short of Larwood's full pace. He took Roach's off-stump with a ball which came up the hill like a train. A great-hearted cricketer, Allen, but the bowler who entrances me is Macaulay, with his easy action, his variations of swerve and break, and his concentrated determination. Macaulay fits perfectly into a team led by Jardine; whenever he is bowling the onlooker is conscious of that hostility and inflexible purpose.

The English batting was rather below par, but the team has no tail, and Ames showed once more how much Lord's appeals to him on a great occasion. Then there was C. F. Walters, sadly disturbed by rain on Saturday, but staying long enough on Monday to prove that he has the temperament for representative cricket, and the strokes which keep the game alive.

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F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Asides from St. Andrews: the Pros. and Their Putting

UNWILLING, as usual, to commit myself too far in prophecy, I will not this week make any attempt to tell you who has won the Open Championship. The odds are too heavily against me—you will know the name of the winner when you read these words, whereas I have to write them before the event has started. I can only tell you a little about the more fancied competitors, and perhaps a word or two about the course.

But before this, a word of congratulation to our professionals. They duly won the Ryder Cup, although they ran it very fine indeed, for they were only successful by one point, and this point was really presented to them by Denny Shute in a most kind-hearted manner. Two to halve his match—and the whole match—from a very few yards on the last green: four feet past with the first, and a failure with the next—that does not sound like an American professional. Yet it is the cold, hard truth: it has been proffered as an excuse that Shute did not know the position of affairs, but this is dreadfully only an excuse and not a reason: he knew the position of affairs in his own match all right, and there certainly was no point in losing that, even if he did not realise his big responsibility.

OUR men played well—they can often do that. But they putted, on the whole, badly, and, most unfortunately, they can often do that, too. It has been said of our British heavy-weights that they were the horizontal champions of the world: it looks as if our golf professionals will soon deserve the title of the greatest three-putters ever known. And to me this position of affairs is simply inexplicable, because there is no possible excuse for it. Putting is the one part of golf which practice will make, if not perfect, at any rate adequate; and I think that our professionals owe it to their public to do their best to remedy this frightful and inexcusable weakness in their game. What would an author's public do if he persistently wrote good plays up to the last act, but left that carelessly done and weak? Stay away from the theatre, of course. And that is just what the golfing public is doing to our leading men: it is staying away from their matches and going to watch the Americans who are over here. And it is most certainly right, for it is getting value for money in watching a practised and finished exhibition.

This is very noticeable here at St. Andrews during the practice rounds for the Championship.

Something else is very noticeable, too: I have seen nearly every one of the American invaders out practising putting nearly every day; I have seen only one British professional doing this, and that was Henry Cotton. I hope he beats every other British entrant, even if he does not win.

We Go North

Self-portrait of our Mr. H. H. Harris (after making good use of his Wimbledon tea-ticket), en route for St. Andrews. His caricatures of the Open Championship will appear next week

Four of the competitors in the Open Golf Championship at St. Andrews waiting for their turn at the third tee: S. Anderson, K. R. Frazier, A. S. Newey, and L. Garnett

H. E. Taylor (Royal Mid-Surrey) talking to Andrew Kirkaldy, the oldest professional at St. Andrews, and Archie Compston, during the Open Championship week

IT is no good coming back at me and saying that practice is not British and has never been resorted to. That is pure, unadulterated balderdash. In the first place, it is worth good money to a professional to win the Open, and it is therefore up to him to do his best to do so because that is his job; in the second place, it *has* been done, and with great effect, by two great British professionals, in Cotton and George Gadd. Gadd is really the supreme example: it is no exaggeration to say that at one time he simply could not putt for anything; his ball would have got out of the way even of a well. But George Gadd was, and is, a real *professional* golfer; he knew that to take a high place in his profession he had to get his putting right. For an hour or two every day, wet or fine, he was out on a green, doctoring his putting, and the results are known to the world. Surely it was worth all the drudgery and hard work?

One final word on this subject. A very great judge of golf here at St. Andrews said this to me: "I stop to see whether a British professional will hole a four-foot putt or not. I stop to see an American professional hole it."

ABOUT our American visitors. Since being up here at St. Andrews I have played with Paul Runyan, and with Joe Kirkwood (is he an American, or do we claim him for Australia?) I have watched all the others play. I am immensely impressed with Olin Dutra, who seems to me to be the best golfer I have ever seen. I am also very much impressed with Craig Wood and with Runyan. Shute and Dudley are not far behind, if they are behind at all. And, of course, there is always Walter Hagen.

About the course. The Championship Committee must be feeling very apprehensive about two things—the drought and the crowds. The course is in anything but good condition, and is quite unrecognisable as the famous Old Course of St. Andrews to play. To me, and to the many others who love St. Andrews, this is a tragedy. And it seems to me a tragedy brought about by St. Andrews' own Committee. Of the crowds I hate to write, for it is well whispered here that if they cannot be reasonably controlled, St. Andrews is seeing its last Championship. What an appalling thought! Let us hope that my fears have proved groundless, and that the crowds have behaved. The Championship Committee at least cannot be reproached, for everything that is possible has been done by the authorities by way of preparation. For the first time in history, gate-money is being charged, and the first and last fairways, and the holes comprising the loop, have been isolated for the players. But the menace of the third and sixteenth fairways, of the long hole out and the long hole home, remain.

"That was Vines, that was," sez Prenn, gasping for breath

Two excited visitors: Lord Jellicoe and Lord Lonsdale

Jones (U.S.A.) serving up some cannon-balls to Cochet

G. P. Hughes has been so frightfully good all the week

Foot-faults! Our Betty Nuthall goes out to battle with Miss Scriven

Mme. Mathieu's balloon skirt made Miss K. E. Stammers appear almost naked

Spence's long-'uns flopped badly against "Bunny" Austin's shorts

A Few Lightning Strokes on a Thundering Good Wimbledon

By H. H. Harris

Women's Golf:

By Eleanor E. Helme

International Affairs and Others

An action photograph of Mlle. Francine Tollon, the very attractive French Champion, who came over here with the French team that met the English team at St. George's Hill. Mlle. Tollon is only seventeen

Round the summer golf-courses: Miss Low, Miss Dorothy Pearson, and Miss Dorothy Pearson's fox-terrier sitting in the sun between rounds at New Zealand

Dear Bystander,

There 's plenty to tell you about the visit of the French team, and, of course, the Prince of Wales's great win from Lady Astor, but first of all just a word about the friendliest day's golf of the whole year—the annual match between a team of ladies collected by Miss Joyce Wethered and of men by Major Roy Burnham. As an interlude between Ryder Cup and the International, I cannot imagine anything pleasanter; New Zealand was in perfect condition, showing off Mr. Simpson's bunkering amendments and Colonel Bunbury's unremitting attention, so that everybody was saying: "Why don't we play more big events here?"—and thinking all the time how much more delightful this was than any big event. For the match had just the atmosphere of a country-house party playing lawn tennis or snooker, trying hard to win, because it was such fun, but not minding in the least if they lost, because, even so, it was fun.

I left notebook and camera and all reporting paraphernalia behind me, for it would have been an impertinence to take them there, and as for giving you details of who beat who, and by how much, I refuse to do it. The ladies, as they usually do in this match, won the singles, having received two holes up and a slight advantage in the matter of tees, and then, after the very best of lunches, there were the mixed foursomes.

Miss Wethered was hitting the ball with something like her old fire. I hear she had it all there the other day when she had a round with J. H. Taylor over Royal Mid-Surrey, and simply enchanted our great Ryder Cup captain by taking the first seventeen holes in 65, though some of the Club's less gallant old gentlemen were perhaps just as glad that she had a 6 at the last hole, and so left the sixties to their own sex.

Miss Dorothy Pearson surpassed herself at New Zealand. She and Miss Wethered both gave their partners putts for 2's at the 3rd and 5th in their foursome; at the 3rd, Captain Fish holed it, and at the 5th Major Burnham did, so honour was satisfied, just as it was by the side of the captains taking sixteen holes in the fifties.

As to the Parliamentary semi-final between the Prince and Lady Astor, it was really rather comic the way each Pressman thought he was the only person to know the place and day, and each spent the morning skulking round the bushes of Walton Heath pretending to be an unripe blackberry, or a hiker waiting to meet a friend. I did see the Prince hit any number of really first-class shots in practice from the first tee, and Lady Astor preparing to do likewise, and then I had to hie over to St. George's Hill for the International, and leave other people to see and tell how the Prince—all honour to a very stout golfing performance—gave seven strokes and a beating to Lady Astor.

I arrived at St. George's just as Miss Plumpton was holing a great-hearted putt to give herself and Mrs. Holm their foursome 1 up from Mlle. de Gunzbourg and Mlle. Monique Fay. Miss Fishwick and Miss Morgan, making a perfect pair and no mistakes, had already beaten Mme. P. P. Munier and Mlle. Francine Tollon, 7 and 5; and Miss Garnham and Miss Doris Park had won 4 and 3 from Mme. Vagliano and Mme. Thion de la Chaume. It was amazingly hot, and everybody was glad there was so much shade for picnic parties, so that they could linger over long drinks and strawberries whilst they discussed the match in general. In particular they praised the excellent captaincy of Mrs. Philip Hodson, who, taking Mrs. Smith's place at the last moment, had scored a real success by pairing up the foursome so that everybody was satisfied with their partner and every match was won.

Then followed the singles, when, luckily, the black clouds went away up the Thames with their thunderstorms, and only left St. George's comparatively cool, so that the conditions were excellent. The course was lovely—I have seldom seen it better, all arrangements entirely adequate, and the golf thoroughly good and quite sufficiently exciting. There was not quite the ghastly anxiety of playing America; France has some fine players who could not come this year, and some of those who did come are immensely full of promise which has not quite matured yet. That it will mature, especially in the case of Mlle. de Gunzbourg, is almost certain. If all of them have their best golf before them, their present form is already quite good enough; witness Mme. Munier's 2 and 1 win from Miss Fishwick. Miss Morgan equalised matters, for she played her best, and Mlle. Tollon, the French Champion, is only seventeen, and was terribly nervous. Miss Gourlay, after a slightly shaky start (very excusable, as she had not had the foursomes to warm up in), played grandly, and so won 5 and 4 from Mme. Decugis, being level fours for the match. The next match put the singles square again, for Mlle. de Gunzbourg's outstanding length and splendid control gave her a 4 and 3 win from Miss Plumpton, making her International début and naturally finding it rather a formidable affair. Scotland, however, came to the rescue, Mrs. Holm winning a most fluctuating match on the last green from Mme. Vagliano, and Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery beating Mlle. Borel de Kinkelin 4 and 3. So Great Britain were safely home by 7 points to 2, and nothing remained but for Sir Philip Pilditch to present the beautiful Cup which M. Vagliano has given for this annual battle.

Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.

Air Travel Becomes the Fashion : By Capt. C. E. Ward

Personalities at Hatfield for the King's Cup. From left to right: Captain de Havilland, designer of the Moth, and a pilot with twenty-five years' flying experience; Mr. Alan Butler, Chairman of the Company; and Captain Hubert Broad, the famous test pilot of Moths

Right: members of the Oxford University Air Squadron have been in training at Eastchurch, where a naval flying school was established some years before the war. Wing-Commander Park, Chief Instructor to the Squadron, is seen giving some hints on map-reading

The Calcutta Mail at Karachi, the extension of Imperial Airways' service across India being made last week. The air liner is an Armstrong-Whitworth of the "Atalanta" class, built for speed and comfort over tropical routes out East and in Africa

To the Continent by Imperials

TRAFFIC returns from Croydon show that more than 2000 people are using the regular air services to and from the Continent every week, and freight figures are in the region of 100 tons for a similar period. At week-ends it is often difficult to get a seat on any particular one of the five Imperial Services which run between Paris and London daily, with three on Sundays, unless a reservation is made two or three days in advance. Lady Willingdon, wife of the Viceroy of India, flew home from India by the Air Mail, and Mr. Gordon Selfridge is another distinguished passenger who has been seen at Croydon recently. The comfort of Imperial Airways' machines has been responsible not only for an amazing increase in air travellers, and a corresponding decrease in those who go by boat and train, but this comfort has also been responsible for many journeys that would never have been undertaken but for the existence of the air-line. Just as ocean-liner cruising has created business and encouraged people to spend money on travel, so have comfortable air liners built up a clientèle which spends a week-end on the Continent, instead of at some English resort. The Great Western air service, which links Birmingham with South Wales and Devon every day, is proving a great success. The saving in time between Birmingham and Plymouth, for instance, is as much as 2½ hours, which makes the air fare of 60s. well worth while when compared with 45s. 3d. by rail.

At the Cinque Ports

ON Saturday and Sunday week, July 22 and 23, the Cinque Ports Club will be at home for a flying meeting. Lympne Aerodrome, where the Club has its headquarters, has been a starting-point for the Continent for nearly twenty years, and in spite of the fact that air liners engaged on the Paris run no longer pass over, except in very bad weather, the aerodrome is much used by private owners proceeding abroad, and by record-breakers to and from foreign parts. The Club was formed in 1928 as a members' organisation under the original subsidy scheme, and was transferred at the beginning of 1932 to ownership by Brooklands Aviation. In May of this year, no fewer than twenty-three people were taking an A licence course at the same time. Practically every aspirant for a B licence has to visit Lympne, for the night-flying test is usually a flight from Croydon, the two aerodromes being equipped with flood lights and are a sufficient distance apart to make such a test of value in proving the pilot's ability to navigate after dark. Subscription rates to the Club are reasonable, both for visitors and permanent residents, whilst the flying charges of 40s. an hour dual, and 30s. solo, include insurance on the machines. Events in the near future at other aerodromes include the Herts and Essex meeting at Broxbourne, on Saturday next, the 15th, the Yorkshire Trophy Race, on Sunday, at Sherburn-in-Elmet, and an International Rally at Dieppe on Monday, July 17.

News from Heston

LORD LONDONDERRY and his eldest daughter have been putting in lots of practice for their pilot's certificates, and an interesting first solo was that by Mrs. Gregory, who is a consulting physician. Her husband, Dr. H. A. C. Gregory, is himself a physician, a pilot, and a private owner. Flying hours for last month at Heston exceeded 300, all on school work, of course, for the Airport is also used by numerous air-taxis, liners, and private owners' machines. Mr. George Eyston has been taking a refresher course on one of the Avro "Cadets," and another racing motorist of repute who flies at Heston is Miss Paddy Naismith. Captain R. G. Cazalet, M.P., who lives in Ireland, has returned recently from Malta in his Monospar, which is, incidentally, one with a retractable undercarriage. This model, known as the "Grand Sports," cruises easily at 125 miles an hour, has an increased range, lower running costs per mile, and greater mileage in a given time than the standard model. Using two Pobjoy engines, with a total of 150 h.p., at cruising speed, the machine has a splendid performance, and is very good value for private owners wanting a cabin de luxe or for commercial operators wanting an air-taxi.

The Control of Civil Aviation

AN independent committee has been formed by the Secretary of State for Air to examine the matter of whether the Air Ministry shall continue its strict control over private flying, whether some relaxation is warranted, or such control be transferred gradually to an outside body. Members of the Committee include several who are specially qualified to judge this question. Captain Harold Balfour, M.P., has been a pilot for nearly twenty years, and is an ardent champion of the civil aviation cause in the House. Mr. E. C. Gordon England has been associated with flying since its inception, and quite recently has interested himself in the motor-glider, about which so much controversy has been aroused because it will not pass Government tests, and yet is perfectly safe to fly under all normal circumstances. Mr. Handley Page will represent aircraft constructors.

JULY, 1933

11th to 20th inclusive

11th **Racing.** Newmarket Meeting.
Cricket. Oxford University v. Cambridge University, Lord's.
Shooting. N.R.A. Imperial Meeting, Bisley.
Shows. Great Yorkshire Agricultural, Middlesbrough. Dog Show, Richmond.
Cycling. Batley C.A. & F.C. ¾-mile East and West Riding Championship.
Swimming. England v. Sweden, Blackpool.
Speedway. National League, West Ham v. Crystal Palace.

12th **Racing.** Newmarket, Bath and Phœnix Park Meetings.
Shows. Yorkshire Agricultural Middlesbrough. Imber Court Horse Show.
Swimming. Wimbledon S.C. (Ladies' Section) Splash Night. Girls' 100 yds. Surrey Champ.
Bowls. International Tournament, Cardiff.
Yachting. Southend Week, Southend-on-Sea.

13th **Racing.** Newmarket, Bath and Limerick Meetings.
Motor Racing. R.A.C. International Races, Isle of Man.
Shows. Kent County Agricultural, Maidstone. Yorkshire Agricultural, Middlesbrough. Imber Court Horse Show.
Swimming. Jersey S.C. 1st Gala, A.S.A. Ladies' Diving Championship.

14th **Racing.** Sandown Park, Hamilton Park and Down Royal (Maze) Meetings.
Cricket. Eton v. Harrow, Lord's
Swimming. Southwark Park Splash Night. Surrey County Boys' and Girls' Diving Championships. S.C.A.S.A. Boys' 100 yards Backstroke, Latchmere Road.

15th **Racing.** Sandown Park, Hamilton Park Meeting. Down Royal (Maze) Meeting.
Cricket. Leicester v. West Indies, Leicester.
Athletics. Women's A.A.A. Championships (White City).
Speedway. Test Match. England v. Australia, Belle Vue, Manchester.
Swimming. Sweden v. Penguin, Lime Grove, London. A.S.A. Ladies' 150 yards Backstroke.
Shows. Woolwich Garrison Searchlight Tattoo, Woolwich.
Motor Cycling. St. Andrew's Speed Championships, Scottish A.C.U.

17th **Racing.** Leicester and Ayr.
Yachting. Royal Cornwall Y.C. (Falmouth).
Festivals. Advertising and Marketing Exhibit, Olympia.

18th **Racing.** Leicester, Ayr and Laytown Meetings.
Bowls. Deal (Rinks) Tourn.
Shows. Agricultural Show, Tunbridge Wells.

19th **Racing.** Liverpool and Lanark Meetings. Curragh Meeting.
Cricket. Gentlemen v. Players, Lord's.
Swimming. Croydon Ladies' S.C. Gala, Croydon Baths.
Shows. Agricultural Show, Tunbridge Wells.

20th **Racing.** Liverpool, Lanark and Curragh Meetings.
Swimming. Hammersmith Ladies' S.C. Gala, Shepherds Bush. S.C.A.S.A. Ladies' Diving and 100 yards Girls.
Greyhound Racing. Liverpool Summer Cup, Liverpool Flat First Heats (Breck Park).
Shows. Royal Agricultural, Newport, I.O.W. Bedfordshire Agricultural, Ampthill.

Table Tennis. Tournaments throughout the month.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

I DISLIKE and distrust rumours, but I have it on pretty sound authority that Larwood may never bowl again. The injury to the bones in his foot is proving exceedingly troublesome, and it is doubtful whether he will be able to stand up to the strain of sending down the ball at his full pace.

This is sad news indeed, and I hope it may prove to be false. Larwood is a really great fast bowler—one of the greatest, in fact, who have ever startled batsmen out of their apathy. An accredited Australian journalist, a man of wide cricket experience, was telling me the other day that, in his opinion, the fuss made over Larwood's bowling in Australia was quite absurd. It was interesting to hear this from an Australian critic, and he went on to say that what had impressed him most was Larwood's extraordinary control and accuracy.

But I don't wish to embark upon a leg-theory discussion once more—the possibility that English cricket may be deprived of Larwood's bowling is quite enough trouble to be going on with, though another great fast bowler is rather unhappy at the moment. This is Constantine, who wishes profoundly that he were free to play in all the West Indian matches, though he realises that he must stick to his contract with the Nelson League club. I imagine, at any rate, that Headley, the West Indian batsman, who is contemplating joining the Lancashire League, will have a clause inserted in his contract which will enable him to play for the West Indies should the occasion arise.

I'M afraid, though, that I'm thinking more of boxing than of cricket this week, largely because of the Doyle—Petersen fight at the White City to-morrow night.

Incidentally, I travelled up to Manchester with Jimmy Wilde to watch the contest between Al Brown and Johnny King last week, and a very interesting journey it was. Among other things, we recalled the time when Wilde, weighing about seven stone, knocked out Boy McCormick, the light-heavyweight champion of Great Britain. Think of it—Wilde was giving away some five stone, and yet he had the punch necessary to put a champion to sleep!

Wilde at that time was a staff instructor at Aldershot—this was during the war—and he and McCormick were sparring in the same gymnasium. Wilde suggested that they should spar together, and they agreed to have a few rounds. Wilde heard McCormick's father, who was his trainer, say, "Go easy with the little fellow," so he chipped in with, "No going easy; maybe the big fellow won't be able to hit me at all." What is more, the big fellow couldn't hit Wilde, and that was irritating. Wilde swayed and ducked and danced around, tapping McCormick on the nose, until McCormick let slip a hard upper-cut. "Now, that," said Wilde to me, "was dangerous, so I swayed away, and pinked him on the nose again. Then he did it a second time, and I knew he meant business, particularly as I heard his father say at the end of the round, 'All right; let him have it.' So when I saw it coming again, I leaned forward instead of back, and he ran his chin on my fist, and flopped down. 'That's nothing,' said his father, 'he'll be up in a second,' but," Wilde concluded, "they had to carry McCormick to the dressing-room."

TIMING—that was the secret—timing, and an uncanny judgment of distance, and it is no wonder they called Wilde "the Ghost with a hammer in his hand." He told me, without bragging at all, that at his best, when he weighed 6 st. 10 lb., he could guarantee to knock out any 9 st. boy in England. A great character, Jimmy Wilde, and a very charming one into the bargain. We have no boxer to-day worthy to be ranked with him. I wish he would take some of our

H. Cochet (France) playing his own great game against L. R. Stoefen (U.S.A.), whom he beat 3—6, 6—4, 6—3, 6—1. In the semi-finals, Vines was too good for him by 6—2, 8—6, 3—6, 6—1

H. C. Gutteridge handing the baton to Lord Burghley in the one-mile relay race for the Quintin Hogg Memorial Challenge Cup at the A.A.A.'s Junior Championships' Meeting at the White City. The Achilles Club, for which these two were running, was third

Wimbledon Giants: the two Finalists i

Ellsworth Vines (U.S.A.), the holder, and J. H. Crawfo Men's Singles Championships, Crawford having beaten J. Sa won the Championship for Australia by 3 sets to 2, the seco

champions in hand. He was asked to coach Jack Petersen, but his terms were not accepted—a pity, for Wilde might have helped Petersen a great deal. He is training one or two boxers now, and he tells me he has some potential champions. One of them Ted Phillips, a Canadian cruiser-weight, has, in Wilde's opinion, the makings of a truly great fighter.

ON one point I felt bound, with considerable diffidence, to disagree with Wilde. He maintained that Primo Carnera, the new heavy-weight Champion of the world, does not know how to punch. It is possible, of course, that the mountainous blow which well-nigh decapitated Sharkey was a lucky swing, but in my opinion Carnera has hitherto been pulling his punches simply because he knew that he would cut short his own career by knocking out his opponents too drastically.

I believe Carnera will retain the championship, if all goes well with him, for a very long time, for it is impossible to believe that any ordinary boxer could beat him. A Dempsey might hurt him, perhaps, but there are no Dempseys among the heavy-weights nowadays. And this makes me wonder what it is that gives venom to a boxer's punch. It is not altogether timing, nor is it strength; something in the man's spirit, a burning determination to smash his opponent, has a great deal to do with it. He has to be what is known as a killer in the ring; Dempsey was a killer, and so was Mickey Walker, that amazing middle-weight.

Do you remember that night at the Albert Hall when Walker tore into Tommy Milligan, splendidly clever and courageous though Milligan was, and battered him to pieces? That was a fearful sight, and I shall never forget the concentrated fury behind Walker's blows. Even now I doubt whether many heavy-weights could stand up to Walker—certainly no middle-weight would live with him.

TALKING of middle-weights, Archie Sexton put up a fine show as substitute for Jock McAvoy at Manchester against Meroni, champion of Italy. He beat Meroni, and I firmly believe that Sexton is the best man at his weight we have.

As for the Al Brown—Johnny King fight, that was astonishing. Brown went perilously near to losing his title, partly, I think, because he did not take the fight quite seriously enough, and partly because he has some difficulty in making the bantam-weight limit and is therefore apt to tire quickly. I know Brown wishes to try his luck in the next division, and I think he would be well advised to do so.

I SUPPOSE I should have said something about the Davis Cup match between England and Australia, which takes place at Wimbledon on Thursday, but I've left myself no space to do more than suggest that, despite Crawford, England should win. And to add that more and more do I dislike Austin's shorts—a piece of personal obscurantism to which no one will pay any attention.

"The Bystander" Cruise—Here's a Lucky Guinea!

The first photographs of passengers on "The Bystander" Cruise on the Red Star liner, s.s. Lapland, somewhere between Madeira and the Azores. A cruise photograph will be published weekly for the next twenty weeks, and each week one passenger will be "spotted" by the Editor. He or she must then "spot" him or herself, and will be entitled to claim a lucky guinea from "The Bystander." The passenger whose head is "ringed" gets this week's lucky guinea if she writes to claim it, giving name and address

he Singles Championship

Australia), who met in the final of the Japan), in the semi-finals. Crawford et having run to 11—9 before he won it

Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley talking to George Gadd (Roehampton) and W. Hagen (U.S.A.). Hagen went round in 68, the best score of the day, in the first round, and 72 on the second day

Bill Nolan (Portmarnock) concentrating on his putt during the first round of the Open Championship, when he returned a score of 71. During the qualifying rounds, he broke the professional record for the course with 67

Summer Sport at Villars

By Edward E. Long, C.B.E.

One of the greens on the Villars Palace golf-course, with one of its many lovely views across the Rhône Valley to the majestic Dents du Midi, in the Savoy Alps

A view of the Villars Palace tennis courts, where the International tournament for the Swiss Challenge Cup will be taking place during this month

THERE must be many people who, knowing Villars very well in the winter-time—shades of the Chamossaire, and that glorious toboggan-run—have wondered much what it is like in summer. If they could see it as I saw it recently, the "nursery" ski-ing slopes above the Villars Palace ablaze with flowers, and so all the way up to Bretaye, with the dark-green mantle of the pine woods showing up in striking contrast against this mosaic of colour, and Lac de Chavonne reflecting the bright and darker greens of the turf and trees surrounding it, with patches of fleecy white—for there is snow yet by the Chamossaire—I fancy those who could would want to book a return ticket straightway for Bex, in the Rhône Valley, and mount the "Wagons-Lits Express" for Villars! And if they did, certainly they would not be disappointed in the summer scenery of Villars, for across the Rhône Valley the peaks of the northern Mont Blanc group stand out as vividly as ever in the sharp, clear light of early morn and even, and the Dents du Midi show their sharp, fang-like crests silhouetted against the background of the sky, whilst north-eastwards the Diablerets and Grand Muveran, though the latter has lost a good deal of its snow, present the same wild and rugged outlines.

A high dive into the swimming-bath of the Villars Palace Hotel, which stands in the background. The shallow children's swimming-pool can also be seen. Behind the hotel is the pine-clad hillside above the Nursery ski-ing slopes where now the summer flowers are in their full glory

SUMMER sport is as well organised as that of winter, and it is all about the Villars Palace, except that you go up to Lac de Chavonne to row, and to fish for first-class trout. What would Villars be without its Palace? And so here, in summer-time, you find the tennis courts, a magnificent swimming-pool, equipped with a graduated diving-board, a shute, and a floating raft-ladder which causes no end of fun when the unwary try to negotiate it, and the grounds, where very successful gymkhanas are held during the season, all within a stone's throw of the hotel, at the back of which there is a very sporting nine-hole golf-course, and thus, in summer, as in winter, the guests of the Villars Palace Hotel, and its associated hotels, the Bellevue and Grand Muveran, have almost every form of sport provided for them, so to speak, in the front garden!

And I must not forget the admirable provision that is made for sun-bathing, on the grass, where huge parti-coloured sun-shades are provided to enable snatches to be taken now and then in the shade; nor the really excellent children's playground, with swings and roundabouts, and a huge push-ball, and a real sand-pit! The youngsters play all manner of games there in the sunshine, and regular physical-exercise classes are held to keep them fit and up to the mark for their games. A great boon to parents, this, and certainly a feather in the cap for Villars.

NATURALLY there are any number of fine walks in the neighbourhood, over meadows with the softest of turf, and through leafy woods, to Chesières and Arveyes, and beyond, and you have only to go up by the funicular to Bretaye and climb Chamossaire to get one of the finest views in Switzerland. Mountaineering among the Diablerets, and across the Rhône Valley, on the Dents du Midi or the Dents de Morcles, will provide you with all the thrills you need in this line, whilst the Grand Muveran will give you some interesting sport. Excursions up the Rhône Valley to Sion and Brigue, or down to Villeneuve, the Castle of Chillon, Montreux, and the Lake of Geneva, will fill in time very agreeably, and there is never any lack of indoor evening amusement at the Villars Palace.

The sports programme for the summer includes an international tennis tournament for the Swiss Challenge Cup, in July, and during August there will be tournaments for five other cups, whilst in the domain of golf there will be a competition for the Villars Challenge Cup in July, and, in the month following, one for a cup presented by the sporting journal *Le Golf*. Swimming exhibitions, water-polo matches, and gymkhanas will contribute their share towards keeping things going and, given its usual favourable weather and visitors in abundance, Villars ought to have a very successful season of summer sport.

Thirsty days are here again—
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For a real thirst quencher, Schweppes Ginger Beer with a slice of lemon, or for those who prefer it—a dash of gin.

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

By The Earl of Cardigan

Left: the new 10-h.p. Triumph is a thoroughly substantial little car, providing, despite its low horse-power, very comfortable accommodation for four passengers

Below: the engine develops remarkable power, and seems to have a real appetite for strenuous work. The conveniently-placed tool-kit should be noted

Cars with a Personality

The New 10-h.p. Triumph

TRIUMPH cars have long since gained a reputation in the junior class for a number of sterling qualities. They have always been sturdy, and combined liveliness with a good turn of speed. The new 10-h.p. Triumph goes, I think, farther than this. It offers the family man a full-sized motor-car, well able to hold its own with any in the matter of roominess and comfort.

Certainly, one would need to be very critical in order to find fault with the accommodation of the 10-h.p. saloon which I have just been testing. The driver is given ample leg-room, and even when he has pushed his sliding seat well back there is still plenty of space left for the back-seat passengers. An additional good point is the provision of adequate head-room. Sitting in the back seat of many small cars, one is more or less forced to remove one's hat—under penalty of having it flattened on one's head; but the Triumph successfully avoids this common error.

IN performance, this new model is quite remarkable. It achieves 50 m.p.h. in its third gear, while in "top" it can reach something very much like 70 m.p.h. Incidentally, the gear-change is a very simple and pleasant one, so that one can get down to third gear, and up again, without any trouble or hesitation. Acceleration is excellent, particularly when the gears are freely used so as to keep the "revs" reasonably high.

The controls are well arranged, and the neatly-grouped instruments are large and plainly visible. There are two cubby-holes of useful size provided

The engine is almost exactly similar to that fitted to the "Southern Cross" sports model which I reviewed some few months ago. I have a notion that some detail alteration has been made; for I received on this latest occasion an impression of smooth running which I had not experienced previously. The new 10-h.p. engine seems to do its work more quietly, more comfortably, and with less apparent effort than ever before.

The back seat, which has a central arm-rest, is extremely comfortable. It provides not only plenty of leg-room, but, as will be seen, an ample amount of head-room

THE springing is comfortable, and the steering definite—although the latter, considering the small size of the car, could possibly be made a little lighter in operation at low speeds. The brakes are beyond criticism, being of the excellent hydraulic type. Is there such a thing as a bad or unsatisfactory hydraulic brake? I have not yet come across one. Speaking of hydraulics, incidentally, this Triumph model possesses a permanent hydraulic jacking system. This is a real asset; for nowadays, with the continual tendency to build cars lower and lower to the ground, there is often real difficulty in manœuvring a normal jack into position.

AT the very reasonable price of £225, the Triumph "Ten" may be quoted as an admirable illustration of the advanced modern light car. A few years ago, what 10-h.p. saloon could cruise at 50 m.p.h. and approach 70 m.p.h. when urged? What 70 m.p.h. saloon cost only £225? Such a combination of low price, accommodation and performance was not to be had. We should give the more credit to the engineers who have so revolutionised our standards of efficient, economical motoring.

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"The nearest thing to a miracle with which I have ever come in contact. To give an accurate description of this amazing engineering achievement would be extremely difficult, if not impossible. It must be tried to be believed .... and even then it would hardly be believed, so extraordinary is its performance. This Continental 'Phantom' is genuinely the quietest thing on four wheels that was ever created. Even when full out, the only things you can hear are the swish of the tyres and the wind whistling about the edge of the body-work. Judged by standards of comfort, quietness, freedom from sense of effort, stability, and safety, it is just the most beautiful travel-machine that the world has ever known."—*Captain W. Gordon Aston in the 'Tatler' 14th June 1933*

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The Doggy World

Doggy Film-Stars: By Lady Kitty Ritson

I AM always meeting people who tell me enthusiastically that their dog has just been tested for the films by the "Splash and Sparkle Studios," or "Limelight Bros.," and that the director has assured them that there is a great future for the dog. I rather suspect that, in company with a few human film aspirants, their hopes are soon dashed. I was once tested for films! Luckily, my own sense of humour was sufficient, when I saw the picture, to make me realise that, while I might be able to extort a living by the nimble contortions of my pen, I was not likely to do so by the contortions of my face. Enough said.

However, there are more canine stars than are generally known. Of course, "Rinty" was the dog par excellence, although Strongheart was nearly as well known. "Rinty" was a little dog, not particularly good-looking, not even very gay and alert (when I met him), but he was a charming personality. He and I spent a long and intimate summer afternoon together in New Jersey, and he performed all his tricks for me. "Rinty" was never angry, even when he appeared to be absolutely savage; that was all camouflage. As far as I know, he has left no worthy successor in any of his progeny, but I shall hear more about that this year, in Canada.

A photograph of the late Rin-Tin-Tin, most famous and most popular of all film-star dogs, once spent an afternoon with Lady Kitty Ritson in a New Jersey garden

THEN there is Buster, another film-star, who is the father of Pete, the dog with a ring round his eye, who appeared in the *Our Gang* films. In some ways I have always thought that Pete showed more personality than "Rinty," whose performances were apt to be a little bit "directed," if you understand what I mean. Lady Julie, who was Strongheart's mate, was another canine actress who had a vast amount of personality. She had several puppies by Strongheart, but, again, I have not heard of any who have made a name for themselves.

But, all the same, even if I possessed a dog who could aspire to film honours, nothing would induce me to exploit him; for exploitation it is, and many film critics agree with me.

Can you imagine what it means to a dog whose natural existence should be that of living out-of-doors, to spend hours and hours in a hot studio with flaring arc lights? Of course, some scenes are filmed out-of-doors; of that I am well aware, but there are many which must be done inside, and I cannot imagine that a dog is happy or healthy in such surroundings. It is not the actual work which is distressing, because intelligent dogs love doing their "piece," but the unnatural heat, light, and noise.

I question whether we have the right to ask dogs to do such things, even if they be not actually cruel, for the sake of making money for their owners. However, I fear the public will always enjoy "animal" films, and so I suppose there is nothing to be done; and possibly it is no crueller than many other things, such as the training for "obedience" work in the classes now so much in vogue.

I am no sentimentalist, but I am, unfortunately, full of sentiment.

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The Gentle Art of being Beautiful : By "Maquillage"

BE FAIR TO YOUR FACE
AND YOUR FACE WILL
BE FAIR TO OTHERS.

NOWADAYS everyone does something for or to their face with the idea, often delusive, that they are "beautifying," but it is really of first importance to know what one is applying to one's skin and what the ultimate effect will be. A pretty pot, a pleasant smell, a temporary disguise, are not enough. In modern—and especially in modern *urban* conditions—the skin needs special care, cleansing, and nourishment. If we lived Arcadian lives, fresh spring water, buttermilk and zephyr breezes *might* keep the complexion fresh and fair and fine, but which of us lives with Nature, and dare rely on Nature?

Special cleansing is essential since the air we live in is laden with petrol fumes, sulphur and dust, and is deficient in oxygen, and the atrophying effect of these injurious elements and our own exhausting activities demand some restorative and nutritive repayment such as should be contained in a *real* skin food.

A VAST number of "beauty" preparations come under my notice in the course of the year; some of them of proved merit and efficacy. As far as it is possible, I investigate the bona fides of all the claims made for various systems of beauty culture, both personally and through the experience of those who have used and tested them. I am impressed by a certain day and night cream which has been named "Kerbina." This cream is a real skin-food, with a herbal basis, and is cleansing, healing, and tonic in action. It contains the distillate of "Myolis"—an essence of herbal origin, which is slightly astringent, so that the Kerbina Cream acts as a tonic as well as nourishing the tissues and obviates the use of an astringent lotion to counteract the effects of a feeding cream which may relax the skin and make it flabby or coarse.

KERBINA CREAM penetrates deeply into the pores of the skin, stimulating and nourishing them, dissipating impurities, and at the same time its tonic elements close the pores and refine the surface texture. It can be used beneficially in the ordinary way as a night cream, and for day use it should be sparingly applied, worked well into the skin, allowed to remain for ten minutes, and then any surplus should be removed with a tissue, when the skin will be left smooth, velvety, and perfectly prepared for powder without the addition of any day cream or other cosmetics. It can be obtained in three different perfumes, all delicate and of floral origin—lavender, lily, or verbena.

The authenticated claim of all the Kerbina products is that they are herbal and scientific. Their originator is a well-known osteopath and chemist, and these preparations for health and beauty (and we know how indissoluble is the alliance) are made up from prescriptions which his patients have urged him to "put on the market."

I have not space to discuss the treatment for intestinal and rheumatic affections, which so vitally affect the skin and complexion, but it is worth noting that, in addition to the undoubtedly valuable Kerbina skin food, there is an excellent cleansing lotion, "Milk of Almonds," also orange and lemon cleansing-creams, herbal water-softening sachets and skin soap, as well as delicious pine bath-salts, all of which contribute to the health and beauty of the skin, have a scientific base and are of guaranteed purity.

THE Kerbina Face Powder (in a variety of "fashionable" colours) really is sifted through silk, and gives a delightful surface and, at the same time, is genuinely free from all the injurious products which make so many inexpensive cosmetics a snare and a delusion—if not a danger. The Kerbina preparations emanate from their own private laboratories, which makes their prices astonishingly low. Kerbina headquarters are at 28, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

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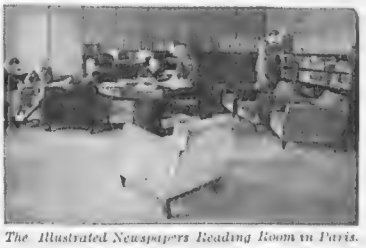

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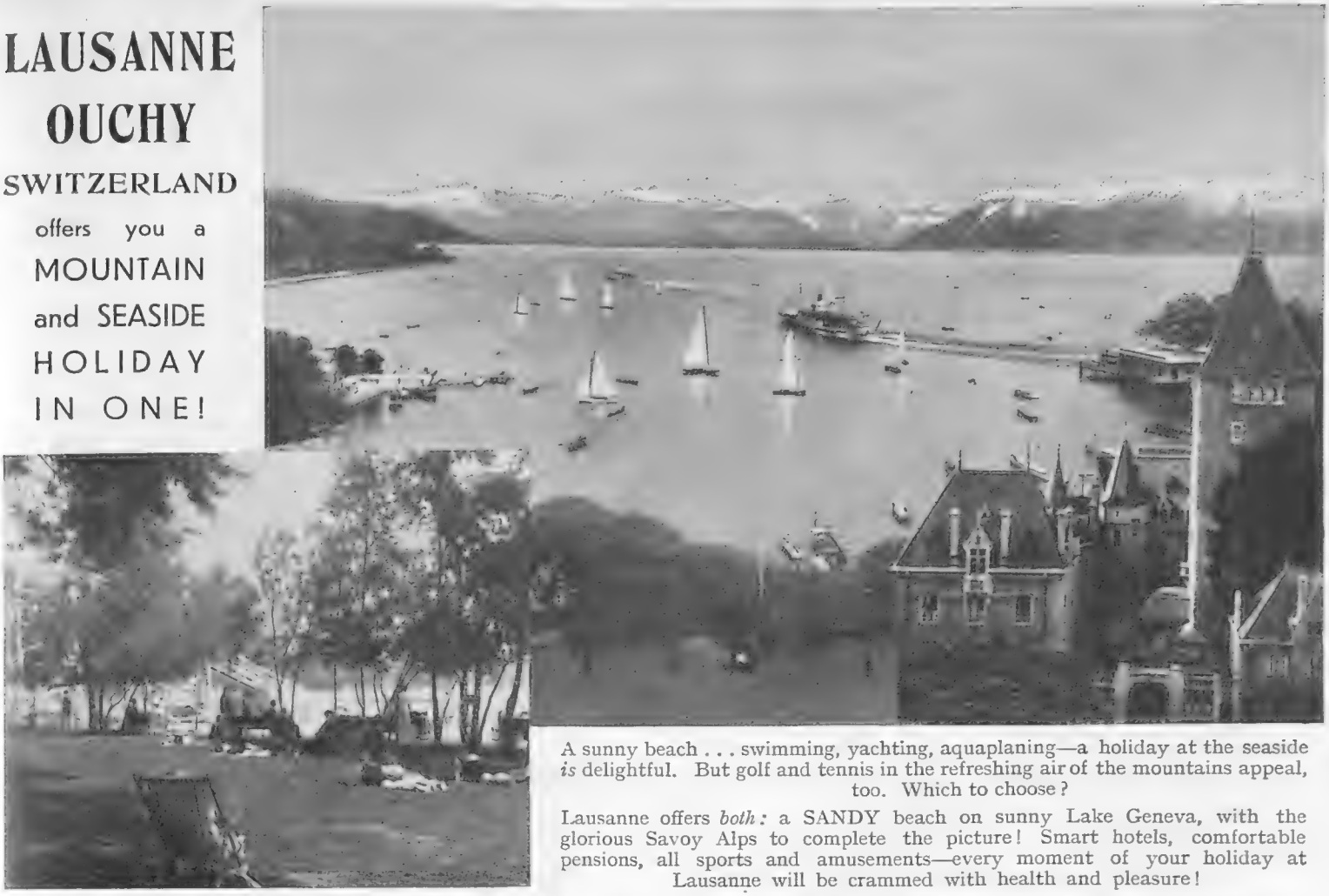

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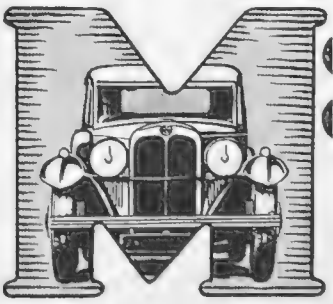

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Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course	Strokes above or below S. S.
Mrs. H. W. Robinson	Wetherby	77	15	62	73	11 below
Mrs. F. W. Wright	Derbyshire	83	18	65	74	9 "
Mrs. G. N. Roberts	Huyton	78	13	65	73	8 "
Mrs. C. Garnet-Heywood	Chislehurst	78	14	64	71	7 "
Mrs. R. V. Atkinson	South Shields	83	14	69	76	7 "
Mrs M. Asman	Wilpshire	82	15	67	74	7 "
Mrs. Bodinnar	Worlebury	82	18	64	71	7 "
Mrs. Alec. Fairbairn	Woolton	83	18	65	72	7 "
Mrs. D. M. Riley	Brocton Hall	81	12	69	75	6 "
Miss P. E. Smith	Notts.	85	14	71	77	6 "
Mrs. L. E. Simpson	Tamworth	83	16	67	73	6 "
Miss E. Graham	Alnmouth	87	16	71	77	6 "
Miss P. Shand	Derbyshire	84	16	68	74	6 "
Miss E. Jubb	Garforth	81	17	67	73	6 "
Miss F. L. Atkins	Chilwell Manor	85	17	68	74	6 "
Mrs. W. H. Wood	North Manchester	76	4	72	77	5 "
Miss L. E. Deeley	Turnberry (Arran Course)	85	12	73	78	5 "
Mrs Pannell	Royal Blackheath	81	12	69	74	5 "
Miss M. Couzens	North Worcestershire	82	14	68	73	5 "
Miss F. Prestwich	Crewe	82	14	68	73	5 "
Mrs. Dauby	Northenden	85	15	70	75	5 "
Miss A. Moore	Huddersfield	87	15	72	77	5 "
Miss R. Stedman	Saltburn by the Sea	80	15	65	70	5 "
Mrs. H. A. Golden	Royal Blackheath	85	16	69	74	5 "
Mrs. J. W. Dent	Hexham	88	18	70	75	5 "
Mrs. Graham	Fulford	82	12	70	74	4 "
Miss Hamilton Dalrymple	Shirley Park	84	13	71	75	4 "
Mrs. Heilbron	West Middlesex	84	14	70	74	4 "
Mrs. Vowles	Rugby	81	15	66	70	4 "
Miss E. A. Davies	Shirley Park	88	17	71	75	4 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss J. Sass	Elsham	84	28	56	71	15 below
Mrs. I. Bateman	Shirley Park	96	36	60	75	15 "
Miss Tardy	Grimsby	96	35	61	75	14 "
Mrs. Clarke	Sudbury	84	25	63	76	13 "
Mrs. Cecil C. Clark	Dulwich & Sydenham Hill	92	29	63	76	13 "
Mrs. Nock	Brocton Hall	85	21	64	75	11 "
Mrs. Shand	Derbyshire	87	24	63	74	11 "
Mrs. F. Jones	Pollards Hill	85	25	60	71	11 "
Mrs. R. A. Radcliffe	Dewsbury District	92	31	61	72	11 "
Mrs. D. Palmer Wynne	Marple	98	35	63	74	11 "
Mrs. F. Pears	Walmley	98	35	63	74	11 "
Miss M. Radcliffe	Alderley Edge	99	36	63	74	11 "
Mrs. Williams	Shirley Park	100	36	64	75	11 "
Mrs. McFarlane	Northampton	91	26	65	75	10 "
Mrs. Cooney	Cavendish	90	26	64	74	10 "
Mrs. Merrell	Norwood	84	28	56	66	10 "
Mrs. N. Harrison	Royal Jersey	90	28	62	72	10 "
Mrs J. C. McDonald	Birstall	95	30	65	75	10 "
Mrs. E. M. Browne	Bidston	97	33	64	74	10 "
Miss D. M. Raynham	Elsham	94	33	61	71	10 "
Miss A. Peet	Haydock Park	97	34	63	73	10 "
Miss Copping	Ashford Manor	87	19	68	77	10 "
Miss F. A. Ash	Leek	90	26	64	73	9 "
Mrs Sumerling	Leek	91	27	64	73	9 "
Mrs Abbott	Northampton	94	28	66	75	9 "
Mrs Martin	Ringway	94	29	65	74	9 "
Miss F J. Chadborn	Gloucester	88	19	69	77	8 "
Mrs. Bayden	Shirley Park	89	21	67	75	8 "
Mrs. E. Punnett	Bramley	94	27	67	75	8 "
Miss N. Shuttleworth	Tamworth	93	28	65	73	8 "

The Editor's Box

About These Road-Houses

We shall shortly be publishing a special feature article on the "Latest Road-Houses," as we believe such a feature of modernism will be of general interest to our readers these warm summer days. Road-houses are springing up everywhere, and many of them are quite magnificent. The latest of these, at Maidenhead, opened the other day by the Mayor of the town, is called "The Show Boat." It possesses a large bathing pool, shower baths, a restaurant, ballroom, tea terrace, sun-bathing terrace, and other attractions. There is dancing, of course, and it is being run as a club at an almost nominal subscription.

Ex-King Alfonso of Spain watching his drive from the first tee on the Lido golf course. He was staying in Venice, at the Grand Hotel, for a few days, and went over to the Lido from there

A "Dream" House

So can be described the "advertiser's house" in the Advertising Exhibition at Olympia which Lord Derby opens on the 17th. In decoration and in equipment it is perfect in every detail, and is constructed and furnished with well-known and widely advertised materials and goods. Beauty, utility and comfort are equally catered for. Parquet floors, a specially designed brick fire-place, decorative candles and Medeci prints please the eye; divan beds, special heating arrangements, hammocks, and the newest of coloured furniture for the garden and sun-parlour, make winter and summer, night and day, equally luxurious. For the housewife's pleasure there is the most labour-saving kitchen in the world, with a combined washing and ironing machine, a refrigerator and a firewood-splitting contrivance as parts of the general lay-out.

No one who sees Advertisers' House but will leave Olympia determined to spend more, whether in cash or "on tick," on their own homes. "Spend more and spend wisely"—What more can an exhibit say?

Real relaxation is assured to the tired worker or to the invalid by Foot's Patent adjustable reclining chair. This is scientifically designed and is easily the world's most luxurious chair; it can be adjusted very simply to any position, and its new-style upholstery, with elastic spring edges, promises perfect comfort

The Gourmet: By Emilia

Some Dinner Dishes

Filets de Truites

HAVE a good-sized trout filleted and simmer it in some brown gravy, a glass of claret, some herbs and lemon juice, serve it with mousseline sauce and garnish with olives. Mousseline sauce is really a mayonnaise sauce with some whipped aspic and about two tablespoonfuls of cream. This sauce is served cold.

Poulet à la Milanaise

BOIL in a pan about two quarts of slightly salted water, then put in ½ lb. of macaroni and let boil for twenty minutes. Drain it well. Boil a chicken in stock, cut it into joints, and place it in the two following mixed sauces made hot—a quarter of a pint of tomato sauce and a quarter of a pint of espagnole sauce. Add the macaroni, some seasoning, and a few drops of tarragon vinegar or lemon juice. Stew these ingredients together for three-quarters of an hour, until the chicken is quite tender. Place on a hot dish, arrange the macaroni to form a bed, and dress the pieces of chicken on top.

Sauce Espagnole

FRY together 1½ oz. of butter, 1½ oz. of flour, a sliced onion, a sliced tomato, and a small slice of lean ham, then add gradually a full half-pint of good brown stock; boil all together for about a quarter of an hour, pass it through a sieve, add about half a gill of sherry, skim well, and boil up till reduced about a fourth part.

Framboises à la Chantilly

REMOVE the stalks from a pound of ripe raspberries and sprinkle over with castor sugar. Cover, and let stand in a cool place—or on ice—for an hour. Three-parts fill a number of glasses with the fruit. Have ready some whipped cream, sweetened, and put this on the fruit so as to fill each glass completely, piling the cream on roughly. If it is likely to appeal to the general taste, a small pinch of ground cinnamon can be added in the centre of the cream.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JULY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. July 12, 1933.
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Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

THE DEAREST BRANDED "READY-FOR-WEAR" SHIRT ON THE MARKET

THE new K. & P. Shirt is a matter of interest to you. It is something different —an improvement on any ready-for-wear shirt on the market to-day, and while it costs a little more, it is really worth the extra. Frankly, the K. & P. Shirt is only intended for the man of fastidious taste who wants the very best — and is willing to pay for it.

The materials are made by Messrs. David & John Anderson, Ltd., Atlantic Mills, Glasgow — a firm whose shirtings are the recognised best in every capital in Europe.

For our part, we have equipped a new factory with the very latest improvements, and only trained and skilled workers are employed.

The leading outfitters throughout the kingdom stock the K. & P. Shirt, and will gladly explain the improvements and qualities which make it the most exclusive and essentially the best shirt obtainable anywhere at any price. It means that you can now obtain a shirt ready for immediate wear, with all the inherent qualities of a made-to-measure garment — plus the qualities which necessitate the higher price of 18/6. One or two advantages are — tailored cut — shaped to the figure — special shaped yoke—coat sleeves of special design—three fittings to a size.

18/6
WITH TWO COLLARS

The K&P Shirt

THE DEAREST BRANDED "READY-FOR-WEAR" SHIRT ON THE MARKET—BUT CHEAPEST IN THE END

Sole Manufacturers: KNIGHT & PETCH, LTD., LONDON

By Appointment. *By Appointment.*

English Perfumes

RED ROSE
JASMINE
SWEET BRIAR
HONEYSUCKLE
MALMAISON
ETC.

FLORIS
PERFUMER
89, JERMYN ST.
LONDON

HOLIDAYS ON THE BELGIAN COAST

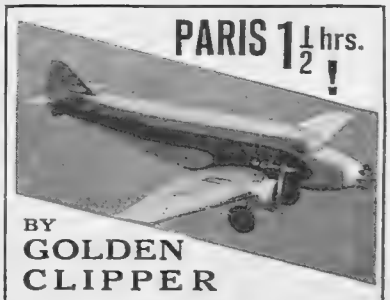
SLEEP IN COMFORT
WHILE CROSSING
VIA
HARWICH - ZEEBRUGGE
NIGHTLY (Sundays excepted)
(until 18th September, 1933)

Connecting Tram Service to and from principal coast resorts.

CHEAP HOLIDAY TICKETS
LONG DAY — WEEK-END
6 to 17 DAYS

Special folder, giving full particulars, obtainable from Continental Traffic Manager, L.N.E.R., Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.2; or Hull; 71, Regent Street, or 59, Piccadilly, London, W.1; L.N.E.R. Stations, Offices or Tourist Agencies.

ALL-BRITISH ROUTE



BY
GOLDEN CLIPPER

FASTEST yet and still breaking records — the safety Air Liner with the speed of a Scout.

PARIS £6 : 6 : 0 Return

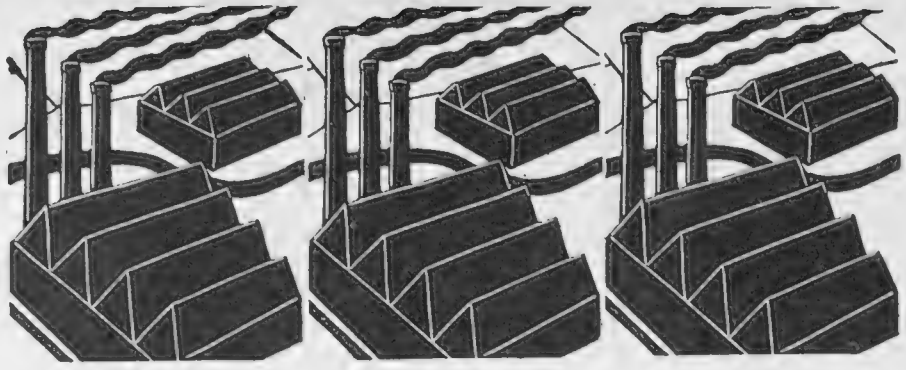
including free transport to and from Aerodromes and ample baggage allowance. Two Pilots—Dual Control—12 seats, wireless, telephones, telegraphs, beacon, toilet.

LE TOUQUET - 1 Hour.
SWITZERLAND - 5 Hours.
RIVIERA - - - 7 „
SPAIN - - - - 9 „
CORSICA AND TUNIS.

Send for new Summer Timetable with fares and full details.

fly **AIR UNION**

Bookings from all Travel Agents or
52, Haymarket, London, S.W.1
'Phone : Whitehall 9671 2-3-4.



REAWAKENING INDUSTRY

THE ADVERTISING MIND AT WORK

EXAMPLE NO 4

Reducing a range of goods increases profits

A manufacturer was making a range of goods costing in the neighbourhood of £12 a piece.

He could expect his commodity to be bought but once in a lifetime by the majority of the public though the market for it was widespread.

He found himself making thirty different models and even this number did not satisfy the retail trade through whom he sold.

Economies in factory production in these circumstances were difficult to procure, and profits more so.

Means were suggested to him whereby his models were reduced from thirty to six, and such means that so far from the retail trade deserting him his trade outlets were considerably extended.

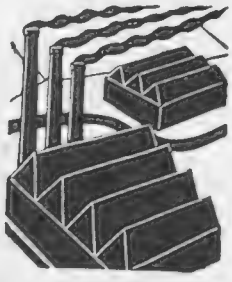
Factory economies were effected, trade expanded and profits increased.

Yet again this is an example of applying the advertising mind to a sales problem baffling to minds accustomed to conditions in one industry only.

Advertising and Marketing is itself an industry, alert, vigorous, versatile. Its usefulness to any one business is derived from its knowledge of conditions not in one industry but in many industries, whence the advertising mind can often disclose new markets capable of development, new means of increasing trade outlets, new sales arguments that will kindle public response.

You may see this industry in all its workings and

STUDY SUCCESS



AT THE ADVERTISING AND MARKETING EXHIBITION OLYMPIA • JULY 17 TO 22

OPEN 10 A.M. TO 10 P.M. ADMISSION 1/6

For information write to the Advertising Association, 110 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

The Anglo-American Bridge Match
(July 17-22)

ELY CULBERTSON'S *Own Comments*

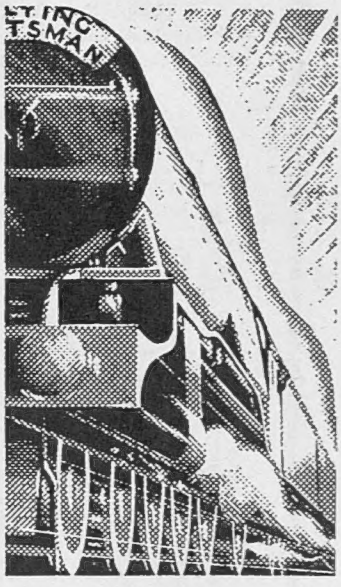
ON EACH NIGHT'S PLAY
IN THE NEXT DAY'S

News Chronicle

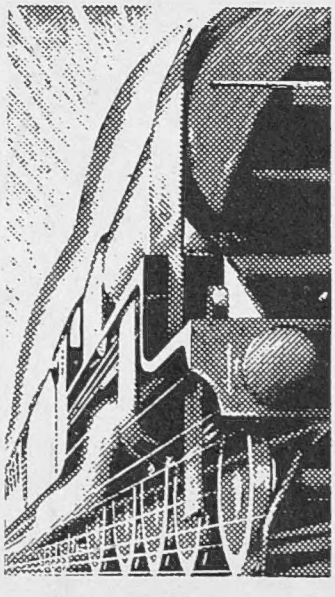
Another Exclusive Bridge Service to Readers of the "News-Chronicle"

NON-STOP TO SCOTLAND
The Flying Scotsman

Last year The Flying Scotsman brought down its non-stop time for London to Edinburgh (393 miles) to 7½ hours—an acceleration of 45 minutes. That is the World's Record. It is now the regular time during the summer. It is amazing how much of elegance and luxury has been squeezed into The Flying Scotsman—buffet, salon de coiffeur, Louis XVI restaurant, ladies' retiring room, vita glass windows. A world-famous train worthy of the world-famous cities between which it runs.



The Royal Scot



Every day (but not on Sunday) at the little Border station of Gretna Green there comes out of the South a flash, a roar and, it may be, a whistle. The Royal Scot has passed from England into Scotland. London to Glasgow in 7 hours 40 minutes! That was the new record set up last year. That is the time the Royal Scot is maintaining throughout the holiday season this year. A magnificent achievement to be ranked amongst the greatest of all railway feats.

With a return ticket to Scotland, you now have the choice of travelling back by the East Coast, West Coast, or Midland routes, with break of journey at any station. Ask at any L M S or L·N·E·R Station or Office for details of Summer Tickets (penny-a-mile), Tourist Tickets and Circular Tours.

MOTOR CARS accompanied by one first-class or two third-class adult passengers are conveyed to include outward and homeward journeys at the reduced rate of 4½d. a mile charged on the single journey mileage for distances not less than 50 miles. Single journey charges at 3d. a mile.

L M S LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY

LONDON & NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY L·N·E·R

BY APPOINTMENT

WHEN an EXPENSIVE TASTE in TAILORING COINCIDES WITH A DEPRESSED CONDITION of FINANCES. . .

In all the West-end you will find no finer standard of tailoring than Bernard Weatherill's. His materials, craftsmanship and faithful fitting have made the name Bernard Weatherill synonymous with all that is best in West-end tailoring traditions . . . It is in price alone that he departs from generally accepted principles . . . You will find that for eight guineas or nine, you can secure a suit that would indubitably cost you eleven or twelve elsewhere. Riding and other equipment is proportionately economical.

Bernard Weatherill Ltd

55, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.
81, Cannon St., London, E.C.4. BIRMINGHAM. 11, Bennett's Hill.
Branches at ASCOT, ALDERSHOT, CAMBERLEY.

First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking, and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness, and burning. It sets up putrefication of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a table-spoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean.

If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

Whether you prefer a plain or cork-tipped cigarette, smoke the best

10 FOR 6D
20 FOR 11½D

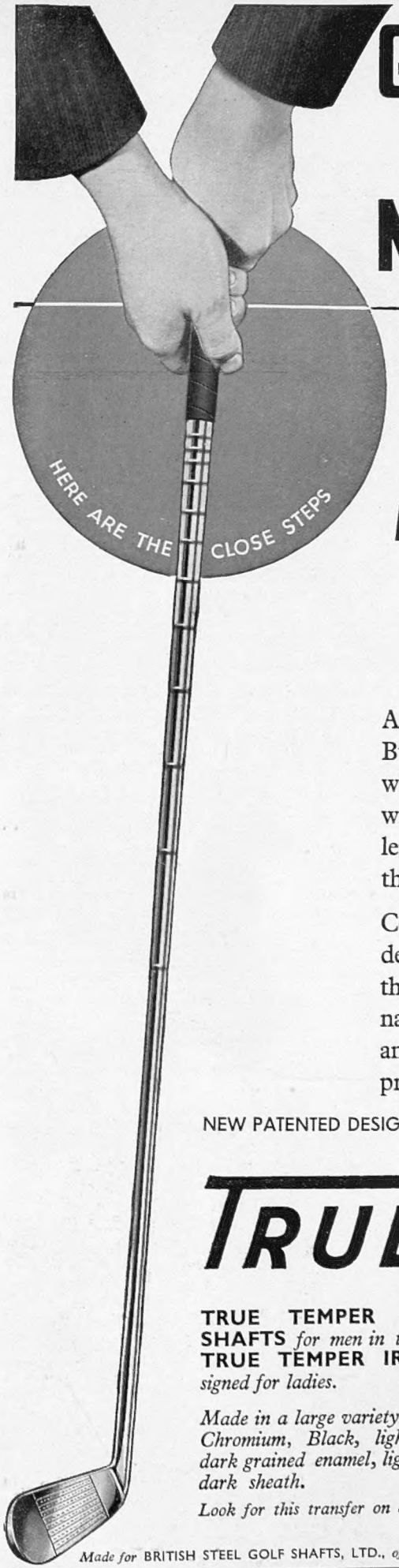
LOOK FOR THE BLUE CORNERS ON CORK-TIPPED PACKETS

PLAYER'S

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

N.C.C.160.J.



GREATER STRENGTH *and* MORE CONTROL!

Longer and more accurate Iron Play!

Accuracy—above all things, accuracy. Even at the expense of length. But here, in the new Master range, is a wonderful series of shafts which triumphantly combines the two. Far greater length, attained with less effort. Far greater accuracy, because the effort to achieve length is less! A mind free to concentrate upon the finer points of the game. A sense of mastery which puts you in winning vein!

Confidence gives control, accuracy, precision, everything that is desirable in golf. Greater length, which is definite, certain, of which there is visible proof and not the slightest doubt, has a new fascination and a new thrill all its own. Use then these Master shafts and know a greater joy than golf has ever given you before. Your pro. will help you choose the grade of whip which suits you best.

NEW PATENTED DESIGN WITH CLOSER STEPS, HIGHER POINT OF WHIP AND GREATER STRENGTH

TRUE TEMPER

TRUE TEMPER MASTER IRON SHAFTS *for men in three grades of whip.* **TRUE TEMPER IRONS** *specially designed for ladies.*

Made in a large variety of attractive finishes, Chromium, Black, light and dark grained enamel, light and dark sheath.

Look for this transfer on every shaft

TT MASTER STIFF

MASTER

The Steel Shaft for Irons

Players who prefer the **TWIN TAPER** *type of shaft can now obtain* **TRUE TEMPER** *Woods and* **TRUE TEMPER** *Master Irons in this form.*

Q6

Made for BRITISH STEEL GOLF SHAFTS, LTD., *of* 26, EXCHANGE ST. EAST, LIVERPOOL, *by* ACCLES & POLLOCK, LTD., *of* OLDBURY, BIRMINGHAM

The Confidences of Angela

"A nought dropped off her 'phone message"

"Lucky you! It's pouring here . . . Bad on last Sunday . . . Yes, at the Edgeworth's. Sat round the fire for three solid hours. The talk was as dry as the weather was wet till someone started on betting experiences! Then I held tight and thanked 'Duggie' for a lot of things I hadn't thanked him for before! . . . Some bookies are the limit . . . What's that? 'Duggie's' the only one without a limit . . . Oh, Ted, you're improving! Well, Bobbie told us about a telegram that didn't reach his bookie, and he dropped a hundred. Ralph told a long story of how some odds were shortened whilst his telegram was on the way, and Claire swore that a nought dropped off her 'phone message. . . . . Yes. It may be the usual sort of thing, Ted, but none of our pals has had anything like that from 'Duggie.' Now Bobby and Claire and Ralph and all of them are——"

SIR EDWARD:—"*enthusiastic* about 'Duggie'! They all get that way, Angela!"

Write - mention Angela - Duggie will do the rest

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON